OCT. 18, 1941

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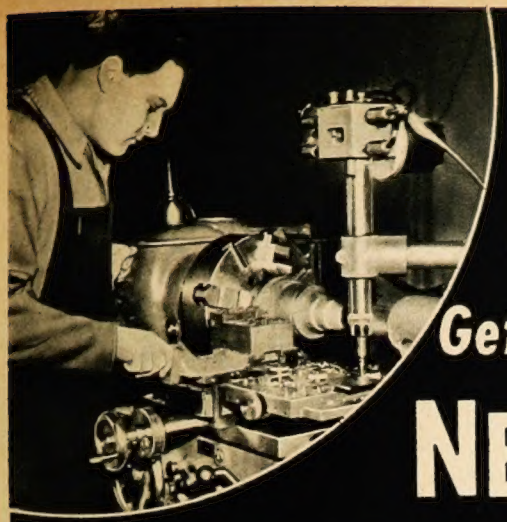

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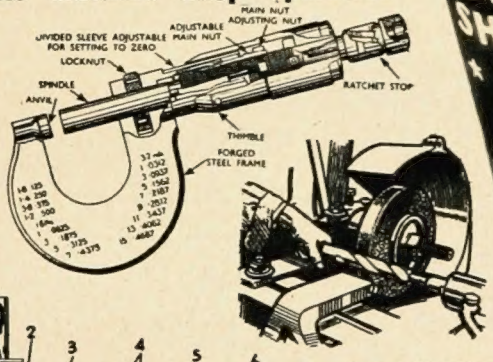

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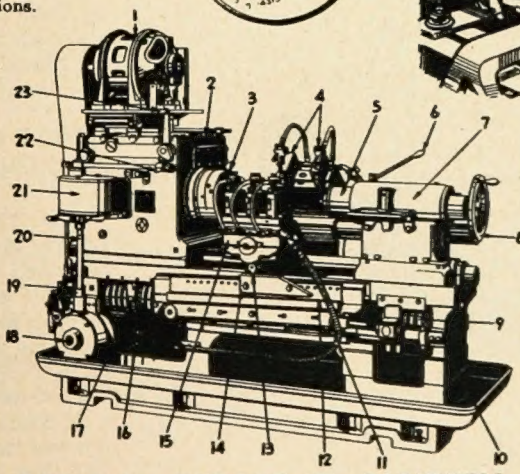

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Vox Pop

The First Word-- From Our Readers

WE ARE SPOKEN TO SHARPE-LY IN THE MATTER OF MR. AUTRY

EAST GARY, IND.—I have just read the article It Is Corn, But They Ask for It, by Howard Sharpe (September 6 Liberty).

I am president of the Gene Autry Friendship Club, and our membership is close to 2,000 members of ages ranging from five to seventy years. This club is the largest single organization of its kind in the world, and I can assure you there are several hundred fan clubs in the United States and many in foreign countries. We fans are hungry for articles about our favorites on the screen and in radio. When a certain mag contains a story about Gene, we go buy that magazine. So it was with that certain issue of Liberty.

But never have I read such a misleading story about Mr. Autry as the Howard Sharpe article. I happen to know Mr. Autry rather well.

Mr. Sharpe writes: "The character to the casual observer is prissy in the extreme." . . . H'm-m-m. If any one that sees sun-tanned Autry or sees his appearances in rodeos considers him "prissy," then that individual just doesn't know what prissy means!

"So also do the millions of simple folk, untutored in the big city formula . . . and with an admission price of a dime," writes Mr. H. S. Well, it's a well known fact that never have we Americans been ashamed of our millions of simple folk, for that is the backbone of America.

Then, Gene's supposed-to-be quotations do not sound at all like him, and I'm sure, if the truth were known, he never referred to his background as "corny"; and I know that he can give as good a dinner speech as any one else, and doesn't have to rely on that one-line speech that Mr. Sharpe evidently thinks he only can say again and again. Didn't he appear at the President's Ball in '39 at their special request? And I could name a few other banquets he's taken part in. If you ever see Gene, let me know if you think him "prissy."

I hope you get lots of letters like mine, and also your reporter gets what he deserves; because, if he does, his mail will give him the jitters just thinking about opening it.—*Dorothy Pinnick.*

MAYOR LaGUARDIA AND UPTON SINCLAIR TELL WHAT THEY WOULD DO WITH HITLER

HOMESTEAD, PA.—What would you do with Hitler if he were captured by the Allies? If his future existence depended on your judgment, what would your decision be? Will you give me your answer to this question?—*James Chapman.*

Liberty passed this question along to some eminent Americans. Here are the first two replies:

WASHINGTON, D. C.—When Hitler is defeated—and he will be—he should be placed on trial by a competent international tribunal and required to answer for all his deeds: violation of treaties; invasion of countries contrary to all known and accepted provisions of international law; looting of private property; violation of the rights of noncombatants; unlawfully holding innocent people as hostages; and the unnecessary killing of innocent people not in accordance with any known or accepted rules of warfare. —*Fiorello H. LaGuardia (Mayor of New York and U. S. Director of Civilian Defense).*

PASADENA, CALIF.—The first essential is not to make a martyr out of Hitler and have people worshiping his ashes for a thousand years. He is a mentally sick man and should be treated as such.

I would confine him for life in an institution from which he could not escape, and assign a board of psychiatrists to study him and make a detailed report for the guidance of statesmen and voters wishing to prevent the possibility of such a lunatic-genius ever getting power in the world again.—*Upton Sinclair (author of The Jungle, World's End, and many other important and distinguished novels).*

"Then it's agreed, gentlemen, we'll have eleven ham on white sandwiches and three Swiss on rye!"

POINTS OF VIEW ON DRAFTING AMERICAN WOMEN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In September 13 Liberty Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote (in Shall We Draft American Women?) of "the advantages of doing a year's service for this country before a girl takes up her lifework either as a wife or in a career."

That year's time could hardly be called a preliminary state—she's lucky if she remains married that long, these days. The chap she marries better have a heck of a war record, also, or there'll be no living with her. The parades later are

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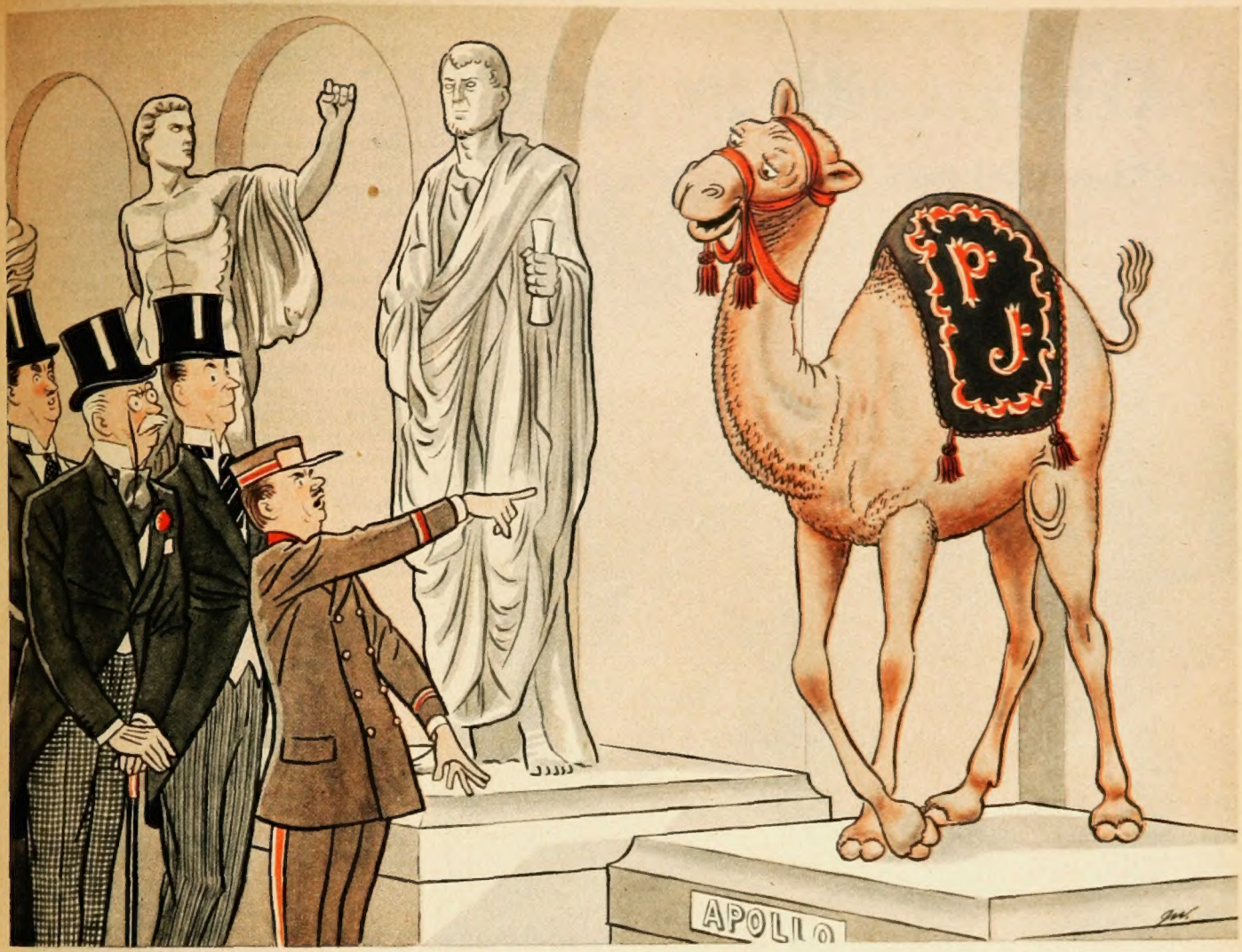

"Get down off'n there!"

GUIDE: And next, gentlemen, we comes to Apollo, the symbol o'—Hey! What th— Get *down* off'n there!

CAMEL: Pardon, master, but I, too, am a symbol.

GUIDE: You! Of *what?*

CAMEL: Of a quality much desired in whiskey, sahib. The quality of *Dryness.*

GUIDE: Well dawggonit, *Dryness,* get down off'n there! We got rules in this museyum, an' they— Say! What's *Dryness* got to do with whiskey, anyhow?

CAMEL: *Much,* master. For *Dryness* . . . or lack of sweetness . . . brings out the true flavor of a whiskey. It allows the full, rich flavor to *come through* . . . clear and unimpaired.

GUIDE: Sure, camel . . . clear an' unimpaired . . . an' maybe it's so durned expensive a curator couldn't afford it! Get *down* off'n there!

CAMEL: Nay, Effendi, there is a superb dry whiskey which is yours for a most modest sum. I speak of Paul Jones, a whiskey of so magnificent a flavor and so modest a price that wise men know it as a great buy. So great a buy, that its popularity jumped five times in less than two years! It is on Dry Paul Jones that I rest my claim to this pedestal, Master.

GUIDE: Well . . . now if it was me runnin' this museyum, camel, I'd be glad to let you— Well, *dawggonit,* they's no rule says a camel *can't* stand on a pedestal around here! *Dawggonit,* camel, you stay there!

The very best buy is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Paul Jones are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

"I'M THE
GAYEST GIRL IN TOWN
—and they used to call me MOUSEY"

"I USED to sit home most of the time, but now my dates come thick and fast. Don't tell me it doesn't pay to get after the 'Double O' " (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

You may be careful about your appearance, but unless you've taken precautions against the "Double O" you may be out of things. Lack-lustre teeth and off-color breath surely count against you.

What To Do About It

Why not start in with the delightful double precaution that so many popular people insist on daily? For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Changed in formula, it's especially made to add to the natural beauty of your smile . . . to attack dull, dingy teeth.

For 8 years skilled scientists tried formula after formula to get the exact combination of cleansing and polishing agents that would gently and effectively aid in restoring the natural brilliance of teeth. Many people say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

For a sweeter breath—Listerine Antiseptic. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

Delightful Daily Double

To make yourself more attractive to others, get after the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath). Start in with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a more attractive smile, and Listerine Antiseptic for a sweeter breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the double precaution against double O *Offensive Breath Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

like the P.S. on a letter—usually longer than the letter. Serving her country is vital; not serving his meals is fatal.—*J. R. Mortning.*

VAN HORN, TEX.—Mrs. Roosevelt's article is very timely, save in one respect. She dwells upon the conscription of the young women of today, leaving out the fact that there are thousands upon thousands of the older women who, because of their lack of youth, are forced into occupations other than those for which they have had years of training. These are the women who would give much to be conscripted and whose demands would be far less than those of the young women of today.

The question I would like to ask is, What is a woman to do who is too old to do the work she is trained to do and too young to receive an old-age pension, even should she want to accept one? Such women surely could be of much service to the government and would be more than happy to have the chance. We (I am one of them) feel that mentally we are on a par with some half-baked girl just out of school, even though our hair has turned gray and we wear glasses. —*H. R.*

THE CASE OF THE WINDSORS

GREENSBURG, PA.—I would like to voice the opinion of a woman who has loved and won.

I am reading the articles by Frederick L. Collins on the supposed sorrows of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor (beginning in September 20 Liberty). They are well written. But when he suggests that this titled pair are the most abused humans, in their way, then I must let loose with a Martha Raye horselaugh.

This former Edward VIII deliberately gave up the throne, with England in danger, with this world announcement: "I cannot carry on without the woman I love." Now that he's got the choice of his heart, why isn't beautiful Nassau good enough? True love can make a castle out of a hovel. I should live in such a basement like the West Indies.—*Lillian Snyderman.*

ARE YOU READING FAITH BALDWIN?

AURORA, ILL.—How about a serial different from the continual run of Hitler-style stories Liberty has been giving us? Let's have something on the "American Way of Life," as per Liberty's slogan. Really, your style is getting tiresome.—*Frank Anderson.*

MEMO TO MR. CASE

REDONDO BEACH, CALIF.—Correcting Frank Case's Hotel Quiz (September 6 Liberty), Christ was not born in a manger. After the child was born, He was laid in a manger.

This is one of the commonest errors made when people think they are quoting the Bible.—*Nata Dean.*

WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAFETY OF VOX POP CONTRIBUTORS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Would it be safe to tell a story?

It seems there were three men in a plane—a Frenchman, an Englishman, and a Greek. They found they were carrying too much weight for safety. The Englishman, taking charge of the situation, declared they must draw lots to see who should jump.

The Frenchman lost. He shouted, *"Pour la patrie!"* and jumped. But he forgot to adjust his parachute.

Still there was too much weight, and lots were drawn again. The Englishman lost. He adjusted his parachute, shouted, "There'll always be an England!" and pushed the Greek out of the plane.—*J. E.*

GOOD LUCK, LADY!

TACOMA, WASH.—Would you like to know what another Liberty is about to do? My airplane, Miss Liberty, and I will take off shortly on a nonstop flight from Canada to Mexico. Miss Liberty has turned out twenty private pilots in the

last two CPT programs. She is a year old and has flown nearly 700 hours.

The flight will be of a good-will nature, with a hint of National Defense added. It will not be great or especially spectacular, but to me it will be a dream come true.

Here's hoping Liberty magazine's namesake will add to the glory of that name. —*Evelyn N. Burleson.*

YOU DON'T KNOW MR. NATHAN

FORT WORTH, TEX.—When your theater editor George Jean Nathan is allowed to write on outdoor amusements (in Carnival, August 30 Liberty), it is something I can't understand.

His story some time ago about the circus was bad enough, but now his article about carnivals is so funny to people who are in this business or who really know carnivals. You should keep your Mr. Nathan in the department for which you engaged him—the theater.—*T. Dwight Pepple, 42 years in show business.*

WE'RE PRACTICALLY PETRIFIED, GEORGE

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Let me assure you that I have bought my last copy of your magazine, and will do all in my power to discourage its sale amongst my friends. I know very well that you haven't the courage to print this.—*George M. Hagen.*

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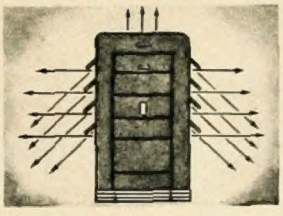
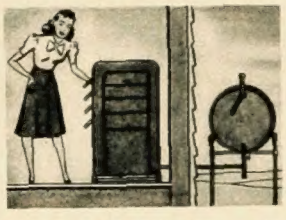


SUN-LIKE RADIANT HEAT DIRECTED WHERE YOU WANT IT! Floors are really *warmed*—because patented shutters *direct* cozy, radiant heat outward and downwards. And—you get *3-way* comfort; *directed* and *radiant* heat, *plus circulated warm air.* No other heater gives you this triple advantage!



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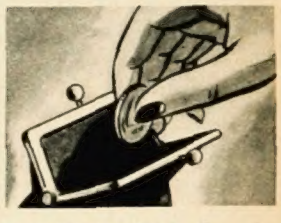

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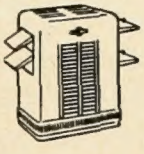

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The telephone is vital to you in business and home, but to the army in the field it may mean the difference between defeat and victory.

It is the reliable messenger, delivering in a flash information that enables the brains of infantry, artillery, tank corps and air force to direct their operations with sure control.

To make telephones that perform under these difficult field conditions, Western Electric began to qualify sixty years ago. Then this Company became the chief source of supply for the entire Bell Telephone System.

Ever since, it has led the world in the production of dependable telephone apparatus. It has built up a coordinated group of plants and a nationwide system of delivering the goods where and when needed.

Now when your Bell Telephone Company and the Army and the Navy are calling for more telephones and switchboards and wire and cable, Western Electric is responding with expanded facilities and man power to meet these defense needs.

To make sure the field telephone won't let the soldier down, Western Electric gives it many tests—including the talk-test shown.

Western Electric *. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service*

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty
OCTOBER 18, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 42

LINDBERGH—

THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN AMERICA

☆ THE most dangerous man in the United States of America today is Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

This tragic conclusion must be reached by any citizen who looks at the facts not with passion or prejudice but in the calm light of reason.

On this page Liberty has defended Lindbergh's right to speak his mind. We have expressed our confidence in his honesty of purpose; in his patriotism. While we could not agree with his platform, we have believed he was a true American.

The time has come when we must revise our attitude. If Lindbergh is sincere, then his is the sincerity of the witch burner.

Until Lindbergh made his Des Moines speech, racial and religious intolerance in the United States was a back-alley business. The leaders of anti-Semitism were shoddy little crooks and fanatics sending scurrilous circulars through the mails. There were many of them, it is true, but none was important. Not one of them had the advantage of a great name or a great career. None had ever stood for anything glorious, as Lindbergh once did.

But now all that is changed. Lindbergh in his tarnished glory has changed it. He, the famous one, he who was once illustrious, has stood up in public and given brazen tongue to what obscure malcontents have only whispered behind the hand.

The danger from Lindbergh's folly is incalculable. In the midst of national agitation he has spoken words that are incitement to riot. Religious and racial hatreds lie like rubbish underfoot in the jungle of human nature. Lindbergh has poured oil on that undergrowth; he has hurled a lighted torch down into its midst. One shudders at his act.

No one who believes that this country should stay out of war can any longer afford to be associated with the name of this man —nor with the America First Committee which sponsored his utterances. For his was the voice that called out to the lowest instincts in humanity, to the cruelty and savagery of intolerance. His was a cry to whip up hatred, a summons to the pogrom.

It no longer matters whether Lindbergh is sincere or not. He is America's number one Nazi. Whether he means to be that or not, he is the forerunner of Hitler, ambassador of the Antichrist, Fuehrer of the forces of hell.

Charles Augustus Lindbergh is the most dangerous man in America.

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We ran into another bomb shower. The driver unhitched his horse and disappeared.

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE BOMBS BEGIN TO FALL

BY BARBARA PODAWICZ

who is now in New York City, and whose seven-year-old son summered at a boys' camp in Maine. She is twenty-seven; was noted for her beauty even in Warsaw, famous for its beautiful women. The New York Times recently gave prominence to the news that she was writing, in English, her own story of her escape. Here it is.

☆ "I HAVE escaped from Poland and am safe in America." Over and over again, many times a day and more frequently at night, I say this to myself. I can hardly believe it is true. My Odyssey out of terror lasted a year and nine months. Much of that time I was hungry, frequently ill, still oftener blue with cold; oftenest of all with only the faintest hope of getting through. I doubt very much whether now, knowing the cost, I could go through it all again. I trust that may never be my lot.

Yet I am not sure. Several times in the last two years I have thought myself safe, only to be speedily disillusioned and to have to flee again from an ever nearer danger. So I am writing this account of my wanderings, which may serve as a lesson to American women. You think you are safe here. So we thought in Warsaw. So they thought also in Paris, in London, and a hundred other cities. But unless this cruel tide of aggression is soon turned back, no spot in all the world will be safe.

☆ THE early summer of 1939 was a pleasant time for most women in the more prosperous circles of Poland. There were political disturbances, more or less violent, in many parts of Central Europe, due to the new German Nazism. But nobody in Poland thought it could seriously imperil us. We had a nonaggression pact with Germany. In Warsaw we women let our husbands do the worrying. We lived our normal lives.

I myself spent the early part of August at the seashore on the Baltic with Julian, my little boy, and his governess. Later in the month we went to visit my mother at Lodz. It was while we were there that the government issued an order requisitioning all motorcars. That alarmed me and I decided to return to Warsaw at once. The train was filled with soldiers called up for military service. They were all resolved to show the

world, if need be, how good our Polish army was. But although everybody talked of war, nobody really believed it to be imminent. The danger, everybody thought, would blow over.

On the 29th and the 30th, trial blackouts for the city were ordered. We found it very interesting. On Friday, September 1, the "alert" sounded suddenly at seven o'clock in the morning. Looking out, we saw airplanes flying over the city, very high. We assumed they were our own Polish planes. Then, suddenly, the radio announced that we were at war! We realized then that they must have been German planes. But we had heard no bombs drop. It still did not seem real.

However, from that moment nothing was as it had been. My husband, who was a reserve officer, did not go to his factory but sat all day at the radio listening and waiting for a call. After two days he said, "I cannot wait any longer. I am going to volunteer." He left me alone with our little boy and the servants. That day the bombs began to fall on Warsaw, although not in our neghborhood. I began to feel frightened and to wonder what to do.

At midnight on September 4, a friend in an official post telephoned me that women and children were being evacuated from Warsaw and advised me to get away. I ordered the servants to pack necessary clothing. I wanted to notify Helen, my sister-in-law and closest friend, that we were leaving in the morning. There was no taxi in sight, so I set out to walk to her house. Before I had gone far, bombs began to fall along the main street. I went into a shelter and stayed there an hour. Then it seemed quiet and I started out again. Almost immediately there came more bombs and I took shelter again. There was another quiet period and I made another attempt.

This time I found a doroszka and rode, but we ran into another bomb shower almost at once. The driver unhitched his horse and disappeared. I was left sitting in the carriage in the open street. I looked up into the sky. Far, far above, there was a group of what looked like silver insects, flitting back and forth.

The "all clear" was sounded and I went a little farther. Then I heard two men who passed me say that Mokotow was being bombed. That was my district. I turned back and hurried home. The streets were dim with dust clouds and smoke, and firemen and police were dashing about, but my house was intact. The boy and the servants were on the balcony, watching the fires that blazed all around. The servants said that the airport near by had been totally destroyed.

My husband telephoned from his barracks to know if we were all right. In an hour he was with us. He told me he had arranged to send a truck from his factory; in that we would have to travel, and we could take with us as many of our friends as it would accommodate. Our destination was to be Krasnystaw, a village near Lublin, far to the east and away from the German frontier. A friend of my sister-in-law was in command of troops near there and her husband was one of his officers.

We started soon after dawn—four women, including my sister-in-law and myself, three children, a major, husband of one of the women, going to join the troops, and a governess for the children. All the servants had been left behind, for we expected to return in a few weeks at most. The enemy, we were sure, would be kept far away from Warsaw.

The road was fairly filled with fugitives, though the great rush eastward had not yet started. We arrived at Krasnystaw the next morning. There we waited three days for the troop train which was to bring the husbands of two of the women. We were told that the railroad was being bombarded heavily. On the fourth day, when the train did not come, we finally decided to go on to Tarnopol.

An hour after we started we heard airplanes overhead and a tremendous bombing began. The road was so crowded that four cars were moving abreast. From time to time we would all have to stop and rush to take shelter in the roadside ditches. After loosing their bombs, the planes would fly low, machine-gunning the cars and the wretched fugitives in them. The road began to be lined with dead and wounded. From somewhere came ambulances which took aboard the worst cases.

We were approaching a little piece of woods at one side of the highway when a squadron of airplanes began a worse bombing than usual. Every one rushed into the woods to take cover. A little while before this I had noticed a peasant cart just ahead of us in which I had recognized a family I knew. There were the wife, her husband, and their three-year-old daughter. We could not get near them in the mass of vehicles, but when everybody rushed into the woods, I saw them go also. Then came the deluge of bombs. There were cries of pain after the airplanes passed, and I ran to ascertain if that family were hurt.

The mother lay there motionless, dead. From underneath her body crawled, unhurt, the three-year-old daughter she had been protecting. The father lay unconscious near by, his arm blown off at the shoulder, blood pumping in great jets from the wound. We tried to stanch the blood, but it was hopeless. An ambulance came along and we put him in it, but he died within an hour. We had to leave the mother where she lay. The child we took with us to an aunt at Tarnopol.

Throughout two days, over thirty-three miles of road, this bombardment and carnage continued. Numbed into insensibility, we scarcely thought of food. We ate dust and breathed dust. It was two days of purgatory, with the wails of children and the sobbing of women never out of our ears, and always at frequent intervals the thud of exploding bombs ahead and behind us and the rattle of machine guns from the planes overhead.

Somehow we reached our destination, a tiny cottage on an estate owned by a friend. It was off the main road, several kilometers from the city of Tarnopol itself. There we settled down. The men went on to their camp to report. "We will visit you if and when we can," they said. But we saw only one of them again.

In spite of their absence, we women began to feel safe. We were terribly crowded in the tiny cottage and we had spasms of anxiety, but we had money, we could buy food from the peasants, and we saw nothing to make us afraid. The days passed quickly.

Then one morning a colonel who had traveled with us from Krasnystaw staggered in, utterly exhausted and close to hysteria. He brought news that their camp at Brody had been wiped out and its troops dispersed with wholesale slaughter. "The army is finished," he said. "And now, worst of all, the Bolsheviks are coming, and we have neither guns nor ammunition

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Escape From Hell

To American women . . You think you are safe here. So we thought in Warsaw . .

She whirled away from him and ran out of the room. That was when she fell over the mop.

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Miss Within's Room

It wasn't Kit's shoulder that hurt so much as her mind . . Then she learned about love

BY RUTH BURR SANBORN

☆ KIT lay in the high narrow bed and hated Dave, and the hospital, and her broken collarbone, and Forsythia, and Davey's architectural course, and That Boy of Kitty's, and herself, and Dave. If Forsythia hadn't left the dust mop at the head of the stairs, she wouldn't have fallen down; that was what you got for marrying a man like Dave and having one inefficient servant. If Dave hadn't been so unreasonable about everything, they wouldn't have quarreled, and then Kit's eyes wouldn't have been blinded with angry tears and she would have seen the dust mop and she wouldn't have fallen down anyway. She hoped Dave realized it.

Kit looked about the room. It was a dingy little room, painted gray, with a crack in the plaster; it had a bed and a dresser and a bowl and a bedside table; it had also, rather astonishingly, a set of pink bookshelves, a ridiculous pink patchwork quilt, and a Chinese print of a twisted tree. There was a great ragged bunch of chrysanthemums on the dresser. They were garden flowers from the curb market. Kit had pretended to be asleep when Dave brought them, but she knew exactly how he would have looked: his hair ruffled where the wind had blown it, and the lines drawn in at the corners of his mouth, eager and a little wistful and a little apologetic.

Kit looked out the window. The window commanded the ambulance and service drive and the garage that housed the hospital station wagon; it commanded also a waste of scrub oak and one crooked pine. Behind the pine the sun was setting. It looked hot and feverish.

Impatiently Kit pushed her hair back from her forehead. If she had known she was going to fall downstairs she would have had her hair done; she had been trying to make one set do for the Red Cross meeting and Kitty's party too. That was what you got for marrying a man like Dave. You couldn't even have your hair done.

A nurse came in with a glass of orange juice. It was a new nurse whom Kit hadn't seen before. She said her name was Johns. Rather a beautiful girl, with a bland broad brow, and clear eyes, and great braids of dark brown hair wound round her head.

"You've got Miss Within's room," she said, smiling. "Aren't you lucky?"

"Lucky!" repeated Kit. "And who, please, is Miss Within?"

"Don't you know Miss Within?" Johns said. "I thought everybody knew her. She had this room, and we've always called it Miss Within's room ever since. You see, she endowed it."

Kit searched her mind. The Hill crowd; gay, important people; rich people. She did not find any Miss Within. "I'm afraid I haven't the pleasure of her acquaintance," she said stiffly.

"It was more than a pleasure, her being here," Johns said. "It was a blessing."

"It's no blessing to me to be here," said Kit. "Pull down the blind, will you?"

"You can't see the tree," Johns said.

"I don't want to see the tree."

"Miss Within always loved the sunset behind the tree," Johns said. "That was why Judge Fortune gave her the picture. So she would have a tree when it was dark."

"Judge Fortune!" said Kit. It was a name to conjure with. "Did he give her the picture?"

"He flew to New York to get it."

"She ought to have cared enough about it to take it with her," Kit said.

"She didn't need it," Johns said. "She must have had a lot of pictures. She left it for the people who came after her, so they would have a tree when it was dark."

"Pull down the blind," said Kit.

Kit lay with her eyes closed. It was simple to be ill if you were rich, and had rich friends, and could endow rooms and make everybody grateful. Speaking of gratitude, you'd think the Red Cross chapter could have sent a couple of roses, after all she'd done, cutting out twice a week and making her thumb sore, and having the meeting Monday, right on top of Kitty's party. Mrs. Fortune had meant to take the meeting herself, but she had house guests. A fine lot of house guests Kit would have if Dave rented the guest wing. So Mrs. Fortune asked Kit to take the meeting. Of course you couldn't refuse Mrs. Fortune. Besides, Kit wanted young Bill Fortune to come to Kitty's party. And now Dave wanted to let Kitty ask That Boy. Talk about blessings!

It was certainly no blessing to have married Dave. It wasn't as if she couldn't have married any one else, either. Kit could have had anything when she was eighteen. She could have married Wesson McPhail and a million dollars would have been just a word. She could have married Sylvanus Trapping III and she would never have had to explain to the Fortunes who the Trappings were. She could have had a Career, too. She had a Voice. Professor Winchenden had said so. If she had married Professor Winchenden, he would have had her voice trained by the greatest teachers in the country, and great audiences would have rocked to the applause. Professor Winchenden was older than she and a little fatuous, but his praise kindled her, and lighted sparks in her eyes and rang bells in her voice, and she met Dave. She met Dave and the shine was in her eyes and the tune was in her voice, and there was a moon, and the mist lay on the river, and they were young.

Kit was pretty when she was eighteen. She had been like Kitty now. She had had the same petal skin. The same bloom of unplucked fruit on her mouth. She had had the same lilt in her motions, like a flower on a tall stalk, and the same red-gold hair with the wind and the sun caught

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BY HALLETT ABEND

Author of Japan Unmasked; for fifteen years chief of the New York Times Far-East Bureau

☆ ALTHOUGH Japan has been excessively busy since the autumn of 1931 banging shut the "Open Door" in one Asiatic port after another, the United States government has, with singular patience or guilelessness, kept open our own doors for every form of Japanese propaganda.

Japan has craftily closed door after door through which real information about her operations could reach the American public. But there has been no censorship of Japanese cables leaving this country, and no inspection of the mails from here to Japan. This has resulted in the Japanese public being ill informed and misinformed concerning American reactions regarding Japan's policy on the Asiatic mainland.

Even more insidious and dangerous, because they are beyond the reach of our laws and courts, have been the activities of certain Japanese diplomats and consular officials who have sought to mislead American public opinion. This has been done time and again by giving false news to American newspapermen—always with the promise that the news is "exclusive," and usually under the condition that the source must not be divulged.

Until they became hopelessly involved in the China "incident" the Japanese spokesmen and officials rated high indeed for honesty and square dealing with newspapermen. But desperation has ended all scruples.

Two Japanese diplomats whom I had long esteemed as personal friends and trustworthy news sources made conspicuous attempts to misuse our friendship and, through me, to secure publication in the New York Times and in the American press in general of damaging "news" items. One of them is Yakichiro Suma, now Minister to Spain. The other is Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, now Japanese Ambassador to the United States.

I have known Mr. Suma intimately since 1928, when he was the lean young spokesman of the old Japanese Legation in Peking. His advice and information and judgment on Far Eastern affairs were nearly always sound in those days, and I often profited by going to him for discussion of current events. Because of this long and friendly association it was with great pleasure that I again met Mr. Suma in Washington in the summer of 1939, when I came from China on home leave. He was then counselor of the Japanese Embassy. I accepted at once when he invited me to the embassy to lunch with the Ambassador, Kensuke Horinouchi, and himself.

My trip to Washington had been disappointing in one important particular. Just before I left Shanghai, Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, then the idol of the Americans in the Far East, had told me that he would no longer be commander of our Asiatic Fleet when I returned from my vacation. He was retiring under the age limit, he said, and would be succeeded by Admiral Thomas C. Hart, whom I did not know. I had counted upon meeting Admiral Hart in Washington, but he had left, bound for China, three days before I reached the capital.

The luncheon at the embassy was delightful until Mr. Suma said:

"My government is much pleased to learn that Admiral Hart is to succeed Admiral Yarnell."

"Oh?" was all I could say, but the tone packed into that one word stressed the question in my mind.

"Yes," he went on genially, while the Ambassador nodded and smiled assent. "You see, we have found Yarnell—well, difficult at times. But just before Admiral Hart left Washington he called on Mr. Horinouchi and said he hoped to avoid friction in the Far East, and was convinced that the time has come for the United States to recognize the new realities in east Asia."

I was astounded and dismayed. The new admiral of our Asiatic Fleet could not have made such a statement to the Japanese Ambassador unless the Department of State had decided further to appease Japan. And appeasing Japan involved betraying China. What did this imply? The date was July of 1939. I tried to reconcile such an about-face in the Orient with the fact that a new war of the first magnitude was obviously soon to start in Europe. But such conjectures got me nowhere.

By evening my astonishment and dismay had given way to incredulity. I'd had a hint that we were soon to abrogate our trade treaty with Japan, and such a harsh move could not be reconciled with "recognizing the new realities in east Asia." I made discreet inquiries at the Department of State. I made indiscreet ones at the Navy Department. But I found no evidence that we were going to recognize any "new realities," and no estimate of the character, judgment, or ability of Admiral Hart which would justify any suspicion that he might go counter to government policy, or try to make his own difficult job easier by currying favor with the Japanese in advance.

Ambassador Nomura. "Quote me? Oh, my, no! Just say these are the views in official quarters in Washington."

Now, why, I asked myself, would Mr. Suma and Mr. Horinouchi tell a tale of that kind if it had no basis in fact? Could it be that they hoped I would publish such an unverified report in the New York Times, gain currency for the story all over the

United States, and thus assure its being cabled to the Far East? Were they trying to use me to spread a bald-faced lie about Admiral Hart, and so shake the American community's confidence in him even before he reached the Far East?

I decided to keep my mouth shut. I told no one in Washington about Admiral Hart's supposed indiscreet statement to the Japanese Ambassador. I withheld the supposed "information" even from the executives of the New York Times, and soon after mid-August sailed back to China without having told any one about it.

Arrived in Shanghai, I met Admiral Hart, and found myself both liking and admiring him. His conduct of American affairs gave no evidence that he believed the time had come for the United States to "recognize the new realities in east Asia." Then came news that Mr. Suma was being recalled from Washington, and would become Ambassador to Manchukuo.

he Japanese Ambassador Plants a Story

Some thought-provoking facts about certain diplomats which have never before been told

Oh, well, I thought, way up there he can have little chance to do any harm. But the news was soon contradicted by announcement that Mr. Suma was to remain in Tokyo to be official spokesman for the Foreign Office and hold daily conferences with foreign correspondents there.

Suave, hospitable, witty—there was no calculating the harm he might do if he spread other canards about American officers or officials or policies. Obviously the thing to do was to force him to discretion.

I went at once to the American Consul General in Shanghai, Clarence E. Gauss, who is now United States Ambassador to Chungking. I told him the whole tale of the Suma-Horinouchi slander. Mr. Gauss was furious. He called the admiral's flagship by telephone. Within half an hour I was in the admiral's barge, headed across the muddy Whangpoo to lunch and talk with him.

For the second time that day I repeated the tale. Admiral Hart's anger was almost frightening.

"Abend, I tell you truly," he said, when he had a little calmed down, "I never in my life met the Japanese Ambassador. I never set foot inside their embassy. I never met Mr. Suma, in the embassy or anywhere else. The only person of their staff whom I knew was their naval attaché—a pleasant chap. One evening at a big reception he asked me when Mrs. Hart and I were leaving for the Orient, and I told him in about ten days, but that before starting we hoped to go to a mountain resort in Virginia for a few days of rest and golf. He said he was going to the same place, suggested that we golf together, and I agreed. But pressure of business kept me from that brief vacation, and the golf date had to be broken. I swear that is the only contact I have ever had with any of them."

I suggested that he should acquaint our Ambassador in Tokyo, Joseph Clark Grew, with the facts of the case. The admiral agreed. It was noticeable, when Mr. Suma next visited Shanghai, that his former cordiality toward me had changed to an aloof politeness.

Had that canard about Admiral Hart been published as a fact, it would probably have ruined his career. It would have shaken the faith of the entire American community in the Orient in the courage and integrity of their new admiral, and in the steadfastness of American policy in the Far East.

Admiral Nomura's attempt to misuse our friendship occurred late in March of this year, in Washington. Again the scene was the Japanese Embassy, where I called by appointment upon the admiral, whom I've known for more than ten years. He received me with his usual winning graciousness, and said he wanted to talk with me about a matter of great moment to his country and to mine.

"I am deeply worried," he told me, "because the American public, and the American press in particular, take the idea of a war with Japan so lightly. They seem to think that your fleet could sail from Hawaii, engage and sink the Japanese fleet, and return victorious to Honolulu in about three weeks. Believe me, and I'm one of Japan's ablest admirals, it would not be so easy. I think an article setting forth the real facts might dampen the ardor of some of your politicians and newspapers. It would be a great national service."

I listened intently while he discussed the situation as he saw it—or as he wanted the American public and newspapers to see it.

"Our Foreign Minister, Mr. Matsuoka," began the Ambassador-Admiral, "has just been in Berlin telling Hitler that the United States will go to any length to avoid war in the Pacific. This does not mean that Japan will immediately resume her southward push, or attack Singapore in the very near future, but Matsuoka's attitude does show that in Tokyo there is a dangerous overconfidence that we will enjoy a free hand in the Orient because Washington is supposed to be preoccupied with affairs in Europe and the Atlantic."

He then told me that, "in spite of warmongering extremist newspapers in Tokyo," his government viewed with composure the then recent dispatch of thirteen units of our navy on a tour of Australian and New Zealand ports. This naval demonstration was not taken seriously in Tokyo, he said, but was regarded as designed to instill "false confidence" in Australia and New Zealand that American protection would be forthcoming if Japan made a new and threatening move southward.

"One of the main reasons the inner official circles in Tokyo view our position with complacency," he continued, "is the conviction that the United States has not enough commercial ships to make up the essential supply and transport convoy necessary for a distant action by your fleet.

"Why should Japan worry about this Australian junket? We know that Australia has no harbor or docking facilities to serve a million tons of shipping, and that much would be necessary to accompany your fleet on a naval adventure thousands of miles away from Pearl Harbor. Of course, if the bulk of your fleet ever started for Singapore, that would be another matter. They'd have to refuel at Borneo or bring tankers along. Bluntly put, our fleet is much closer to Borneo and to Singapore than is yours, and we would simply get there first."

I listened attentively. Men high in our Navy Department would laugh at his arguments, I knew. But not at their effect upon an uninformed public, unless they could be attributed, when published, to Nomura himself.

"Of course I may quote you?" I said blandly.

"Oh, my, no!" The Ambassador was dismayed. "It will have a more impressive effect if you do not mention any Japanese source. Just say these are the views in official quarters in Washington."

Tricky, that.

Suppose the item had appeared,

(Continued on page 48)

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Football Systems are the Bunk

. . and most coaches will admit it! A star of yesteryear punctures a tradition or two

☆ AFTER his second whisky-and-soda, almost any coach will admit that football systems are the bunk. One is no better than the other, he will tell you—confidentially, of course. Unless a team has the goods, hard-hitting, aggressive linemen and able backs, it can't win, whether it is a Warner or a Rockne team. And if it has them, it doesn't matter what system it uses.

And yet the first question thousands of fans ask when they enter a stadium is: "Does our team use the Warner or the Rockne system?"

While these two systems are still the most popular in the eyes of the public, they are fast being outmoded. Last fall, for example, not one of the five ranking teams of the national circuit used either. Stanford won the Pacific Coast title and the Rose Bowl game with the archaic T formation, enhanced by a man in motion and a spread formation. Tennessee employed its old rock-'em-and-sock-'em close-coupled formations that have long been standards for Major Bob Neyland. Minnesota used the sound tactics of Bernie Bierman, and stopped Tom Harmon colder than a Maine lobster. Texas A. & M. won the Cotton Bowl assignment on the breakaway plays and smashing thrusts conceived by Homer Norton. Boston College was undefeated because its devices were more modern and ingenious than those of any system yet invented. Fordham, which ranked virtually on a par with these teams, played a brand of football that bore little resemblance to the old Rockne method.

Many other coaches have been successful without adhering to the ideas of Warner or Rockne. Wallace Wade of Duke has had some great teams, and so had the late Howard Jones of Southern California and Major Neyland of Tennessee. Yet one seldom hears of the Wade, Jones, or Neyland system.

Neither Rockne nor Warner had any illusions about the matter. They repeatedly disclaimed systems and reiterated publicly that games are won by blocking, tackling, and persistently getting the jump on the other fellow. But the public overruled them, figuring they must have had something other coaches didn't have.

Rockne was dynamic, aggressive, personable, and inspiring. He created a football empire at Notre Dame that captured the imagination of the football public and held the spotlight for more than a decade. From South Bend his pupils went forth, teaching what they had learned from him. If any one asked them what kind of football they taught, the logical answer was "Rockne football."

Warner was more academic in his approach. He loved to experiment with the science of offense and defense. He was constantly designing trick maneuvers to befuddle the opposition. And when he came across a new play that packed a great deal of surprise, he willingly scuttled his old ones. As his men went forth to teach, they taught Warner football.

Despite the fact that there is little difference in the actual tactics of Warner and Rockne elevens, there are self-appointed football experts who will tell you a team using the Rockne system has a marked advantage over one employing the Warner system. Or vice versa. Only last season, one of these "experts," who picks an All-America team for an important newspaper, said he chose a certain team to win because it used the Rockne system. Such abysmal ignorance is exceeded only by the football fan who believes a guard is a fullback who can't learn the signals.

The average fan thinks the distinction between the Rockne and Warner systems lies in the different alignment of their forward walls and their backfields. Rockne teams, as every one knows, use the balanced line. The Warner teams prefer the unbalanced line. Yet hundreds of teams used the balanced line long before Rockne was heard of. And hundreds used unbalanced lines long before Warner gained fame at Carlisle and Stanford.

Regardless of where coaches learned their football, the technique they teach on the line and in the backfield is pretty standardized. What differences there are mean little. One coach may teach his line to charge and stop. Others insist on a charge that carries into the attacking team's backfield. Some use a cross-charge on the line, others don't. Fundamentally the patterns are about the same.

All important things, like blocking, tackling, straight-arming, whirling, feinting, punting, passing, are done in the same fashion, whether the player be a Volunteer from Tennessee or a crimson-clad son of Harvard. Only in the inconsequential things, such as the alignment of players, do teams really differ. And out of these few formations, some misinformed souls have constructed football's systems.

The very things that differentiated the teachings of Rockne and Warner are seldom given a passing thought. Warner showed a tendency to stress power and subterfuge on attack and to emphasize the importance of attaining successive first downs. The fact that his teachings were contradictory to some of the axioms of the game never bothered him at all, nor did they prevent him from turning out grand teams. With the big men he had at Stanford, it hardly seemed necessary to stress deception on offense to the point where he did with his double-wing attack. With such Herculean men he might well have discarded all the hipper-dipper business and ingenious subtlety, and gone directly to town by sending his backs crashing pell-mell into the line or dashing around the end.

Any coach knows a sustained advance of more than sixty yards seldom results in a touchdown. By the time a team has gone that far it either fumbles or weakens, pulls a boner or gets penalized. Yet Warner taught his teams to drive on for down after down. Possession of the ball was more important than position on the field, he reasoned, and when your team had the pigskin, the opposition couldn't score.

To Rockne, position was more important, and he instructed his field generals to maneuver by kicking and end-sweeping, until they got to midfield or nearer the goal line, before opening up full blast. He never liked his teams to exhaust themselves carrying the ball to successive first downs. He believed it was as easy to score from your own ten-yard line as from any point on the field. And the history of Notre Dame's sensational victories is a saga of scoring plays from long range.

By a smashing line thrust, an end sweep, or a sudden aerial toss, Notre Dame invariably whipped most of its foes late in the game. It didn't care how badly it was booted around so long as it clicked on one or two scoring plays and took the honors. This

was not a system. It was simply common sense.

Rockne never had the kind of man power to work with that Warner had at Stanford. The maestro of South Bend did not resort to watch-charm guards because he liked small men or was trying to support a pet theory. He found he had to use small guards if he wanted them to be fast enough to whisk out of the line and lead the rabbit-footed Notre Dame backs. His most famous backfield, the Four Horsemen, averaged about 165 pounds. Contrasted with Warner's big backfields or the big foursomes of today, they look rather pathetic.

That Rockne believed in deception as wholeheartedly as Warner is best appreciated by recalling the havoc he raised with his backfield shift. So destructive did his teams become as a result of this simple but deceptive move that a movement was started to legislate the shift out of football. When the firing ceased, the shift was still part of the game, but so completely shackled by a one-second restraining rule that it was no longer helpful from the standpoint of deception.

That both men were perfectionists was obvious in the work of their teams. Warner gave to big men, like Fleishhacker and Artman, speed and grace. Rockne gave to little men, like Elmer Layden and Harry Stuhldreher, elusiveness and power, running strength and blocking finesse. Layden, one of the great fullbacks, looked more like an assistant librarian than a rip-roaring ball toter, but he could spot a slit of daylight and breeze through to a substantial gain in the twinkling of an eye. Stuhldreher, present coach of Wisconsin, was a small quarterback but could drop a big man on his back with dispatch and gusto by means of his perfect blocking.

When Notre Dame was playing Army in New York, Stuhldreher took the defending end out, on an off-tackle play. So hard did he hit the wingman with his shoulder directly in the pit of the stomach, that the hapless cadet passed out. When he came to, he sat up suddenly and looked around, an expression of amazement on his face. The official bent over him and asked him if he was all right. But all he would do was look at the people in the stands. Finally the official tapped him on the shoulder and asked him again. "Sure," he said, "I'm all right, but I'm wondering how the deuce all those people got back in their seats so fast."

That both the Warner and Rockne systems are losing ground and are about due to vanish from the scene is certain. These styles of play were designed to facilitate gains through seven- and six-man lines. Today, with the five-man line increasing in popularity, a different technique serves the purpose better.

If Warner were a younger man today, and if Rockne were alive, they would doubtless still be ahead of the parade because they would develop smart aerial attacks and blend them with the kinds of spread formations and quick opening plays that are now being used. But there is no denying that the type of football they taught fifteen years ago does not function as successfully now against modern teams as it did then, and coaches who continue to hold fast to it are not outstandingly successful.

The leading Rockne coaches are those, like Frank Leahy of Notre Dame and Jim Crowley of Fordham, who have had the foresight to recognize the shortcomings of the football they were taught and to develop new methods of play to keep pace with the changing patterns of the game. Leahy's spread formation and aerial game are marked advancements over the football played when he was in college. And Crowley's astute line play, overhead attack, and his downfield lateral-passing game, are innovations in the Rockne formulae.

In other words, instead of using power ahead of the ball, which was a slogan in football for years, the runner is saying to the interference, "Scatter, you birds, and let me through." The best attacks are those which feature a clear path for the runner by keeping men out of his way. Yet many coaches still try to put speed into their attacks and at the same time use mass interference. Invariably the runner picks up more yardage on the spines of his interferers than he does along the ground, and the plays repeatedly jam. Warner solved the problem of the quagmired offense by having his two wingbacks do a little shuttling back and forth behind the line, and then sending his fullback plowing through without the impediment of interference. Rockne solved it by the quick shift and the fast play to the weak side—also without interference, or with very little. Today, with lines as wide open as boulevards and with so many men in defensive backfields, Warner's shuttling of backs has lost its value, and Rockne's shift has been saddled.

This season, football has developed chiefly along the lines of the spread formation. By spreading the attacking line, better blocking angles are afforded the players and the backs have a better chance of breaking into the clear. Forward passing and laterals are likewise augmented, and the spectators get a better show.

But the passing from the scene of Warner and Rockne's styles of play will not take from either of them any of his magnitude as a football immortal.

THE END

BY EDDIE DOOLEY

FOOTBALL EDITOR OF LIBERTY

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ DR. THERON LEWIS, after his hospital work is over, becomes assistant to Dr. Allen, a famous New York obstetrician who has been ordered, because of a bad heart, to ease up on his work. Ron is delighted with his new job for two reasons—first, he admires Dr. Allen, and second, he is in love with the doctor's daughter, Lydia, and can now afford to marry her.

Lydia, selfish, spoiled, marries Ron, but refuses to live with him in a small apartment, preferring the luxury of her father's home. Ron consents to the arrangement only because Lydia tricks him into believing that Dr. Allen's health might be affected if he were to lose the companionship of his only daughter, to whom he is devoted.

The marriage, beneath the surface, is not successful, although Ron still remains in love with his beautiful wife. Lydia is hard, cold, refuses to have a child, and is jealous of Ron's attachment to his profession. The one person, besides Dr. Allen, who understands what his work means to him is Jenny Barton, granddaughter of Dr. Barton, now dead, who practiced in Ron's home town. Jenny is a nurse, working at Ron's hospital, Lister Memorial. In spite of her friendship for Lydia—who appears to be very fond of her—she is in love with Ron.

PART FOUR—LYDIA SPEAKS HER MIND

☆ ON the fourth anniversary of his wedding, Ron Lewis drove to Southampton, where Lydia had been in residence for two weeks, going down almost directly after her return from Sea Island. He reflected, maintaining a good but legal speed along the broad highways, that he had seen very little of his wife in the past year.

In his pocket was his anniversary present, the diamond he had not been able to afford at the time of their engagement.

Lydia had been upset because he could not promise her the week-end. "I'll move heaven and earth," he told her, "to be there overnight; but more than that—"

She said, "You might spend a little time with me, Ron."

It had been that way ever since the first year, even earlier. You'd think, he reflected impatiently, that an obstetrician's daughter would know what we're up against. Babies rarely arrived on schedule.

Since the first of the year Ron had been a full partner—no longer merely an assistant. The offices had been changed about; he now rated his own secretary and his own nurse—sisters, the capable Misses Watson. Dr. Allen had gradually retired more and more from active practice, and since January had been available only for consultations. It was fortunate that so many of his old patients had returned to the office, willing to let Ron handle their cases. And there were many new ones. Ron was beginning to acquire a reputation of his own.

He had worked hard for the past four years; he had not spared himself. He kept in excellent physical condition—he thrived, he told Jenny, on hard work, little play, and practically no exercise. He was beginning to get gray—early, as his father had.

Jenny had worked on the floor for a year, and had then left, enrolling at the registry, and taking a small apartment with two other nurses, in order to do private duty in the hospital and in homes. Ron called her often during that time. Then she had returned to the hospital to take charge of the private obstetrical floor, and only two months ago had been offered and accepted the position which, of all positions open to her in Lister, she had most wanted—that of day supervisor of the delivery room.

"I see less of you," he had complained only that morning, when after delivering husky twin boys he had showered, changed, and had a moment with her.

"You see me practically every day," she reminded him.

"With, however," he assured her, "no time for idle conversation. When are you off? Let's have dinner—perhaps I won't depart with the soup, as last time."

Working with Jenny was now very familiar to him, and a joy which he took for granted.

In September Jenny would have a brief vacation, and Lydia had asked her to spend it in Southampton. She had not yet accepted. She was a little dubious. She felt, uncomfortably, that she had neither the clothes, manner, nor small talk for Lydia's table.

This morning Ron had reminded her of her half promise.

"Lydia expects you in September."

Jenny hesitated. "I'm not sure—" she began.

He put his hand on her shoulder. "Don't disappoint us," he told her, "and you need the change. You work like a nailer, Jenny—or is it perhaps that you don't want to leave town for personal reasons?"

Jenny flushed. "That's nonsense," she said shortly.

"One hears rumors. . . . Don't," he added, "be in too much of a hurry. Or is that selfishness on my part?"

Now, driving down to the island, he was remembering the conversation and the rumors. Jenny Barton was far too attractive to draw only pure professional attention. Internes almost invariably fell in love with her and welcomed their service on obstetrical with extraordinary fervor. Cubs, thought Ron, not dry behind the ears. Older men, too—notably the current resident in obstetrics, a good, hard-working man, Ward Aylmer. And there was an outsider in the running . . . What was his name . . . Smith? Jones? . . . No, Brown. Some one remotely related to friends of the Bartons at home, a very successful life-insurance man in New Jersey.

He thought, If any one marries her and takes her away from Lister, I'll haunt him—he'll have cut off my right hand.

He reached Southampton in ample time to swim, shower, and dress before dinner. Driving down the lane which meandered to his father-in-law's house, he breathed deeply of the salt, flower-scented air. The house stood back in a wide stretch of green lawns, old trees, and flower borders. Beyond it the Allen land ran to the ocean, a tangle of beach grass, climbing purple beach pea, and the tiny mauve flower of the sea lavender. The dunes paraded by, humpbacked from the wind, and the ocean was blue and green, breaking in rainbow spray.

Lydia preferred bathing at the club, all umbrellas and cabañas; but Ron, in his scant free time, liked going out from the house on a mother-of-pearl morning and invading a beach white and lonely, frequented only by gulls and waves, starfish and shells.

He left his car at the door, and his father-in-law came up from under the trees to meet him. His bags were borne inside, the car put away.

"Glad you made it," said Allen. "Lydia's been fidgeting. How are things?"

Following Allen into the cool green drawing room, Ron said, "All right.... Believe it or not, Mrs. Everstrom is naming the twins after us—"

"What!"

"Certainly. Allen and Lewis. Impressive, I calls it—"

"I had no hand in it," said Allen, laughing.

"Strictly speaking, neither had I," replied Ron, grinning. "But she's determined. . . . Lord," he said, "it's hot!"

"Drink?" asked Allen.

Breath of Life

She thought: It isn't true. She even prayed—Here's a girl afraid to be in love!

BY

FAITH BALDWIN

"No, thanks. "I'll take a swim presently. Too lazy to move from the chair at the moment. Where's Lydia?"

"I haven't seen her since breakfast," said Lydia's father. "She'll be along presently, I expect."

Ron got to his feet. He said, "She won't like it, but I have to go back tomorrow—can't help it. Mrs. Everstrom's in Aylmer's hands and he'll keep in touch. But Mrs. Thomas came in night before last. I don't much like the way things look—" He rose reluctantly from the deep chair into which he had cast himself. "I want to talk to you," he said.

"I'll come along," said Dr. Allen, "and watch you get out of those store clothes."

Ron's room in the big square house, with its wide verandas and weather-stained shingles, had recently been done over. It was definitely masculine, cool, restrained; not a frill or an unnecessary object—enormous ash trays, big chairs, excellent reading lights, the coloring the green-blue of the water and the beige-gold of sand.

Ron, undressing, talked rapidly. Allen listened, nodded, spoke his professional piece now and then. He thought, surveying his son-in-law's stripped, firm-fleshed body, what a pity it was that Lydia seemed irrevocably opposed to perpetuating the race.

☆ LATER, when the discussion of Mrs. Thomas' case had been concluded, Dr. Allen said:

"Lydia has been unusually restless this summer. I made up my mind when you were married that I wouldn't interfere in any way. But, frankly, I worry about her, Ron. She's too thin, too—hair-trigger. And I don't like some of her new friends."

"For instance?"

"Well, for instance . . . since the start of the European war we've been acquiring a number of refugees," said Allen slowly.

"I know; I've met 'em . . ."

"With money," Allen said. "Not that I can blame them. But I definitely dislike the expatriate Americans who couldn't endure our lack of culture and whose roots, friendships, affections—if any—were bound up in London or Paris, Nice or Rome. Now they're back — running to cover: money, foreign cars, jewels, paintings, and in some instances furniture. Have you met Lydia's latest enthusiasm, Amabell Jarvis?"

"No—"

"Forty," said Dr. Allen, "and very good-looking . . . Married, here, at nineteen, the Jarvis whose father made himself spectacular in steel . . . with two e's, although some say otherwise. She and her husband went abroad for their honeymoon, and remained there. He was killed ten years later in some sort of a night-club brawl. She didn't remarry. She has lived ever since in Paris and on the Riviera, when she wasn't traveling. Now she's back. . . . She has," he added, "a brother . . . Timothy Wilson. Unmarried at the moment. Has a place here, which she's taken over lock, stock, and barrel. He hasn't been here for years until this season. He hunts big game," said Allen, shrugging, "and it seems there isn't much scope for that now."

He's warning me, thought Ron.

He had put on his trunks, a toweling bathrobe, and sandals. He said soberly, "Bigger game afoot now . . . think we're going to get into this?"

"God knows," Allen answered, sighing.

Nineteen forty, and people beginning to ask, Are we going to get in? In October the first young men would register for the draft.

He added, "You'll meet them both tonight—"

"We won't," said Ron briefly, "have much in common."

They went downstairs together, and presently Ron went out alone to the beach. He sat down there, his back against a small rounded dune, and looked out at the Atlantic. The sea was golden with the late afternoon sunset. It was cold and bracing, he found, plunging in and swimming strongly, diving through the breakers, letting the water wash away the accumulated torpor of fatigue, heat, dried sweat. . . .

He went back reluctantly, and, hearing voices on the terrace, skirted round the bathers' way, through a side door, up back stairs and to his room. The sun would set presently, and the salty darkness close down, miraculous with stars. He thought how pleasant it would be to sit quietly at home this evening, with Lydia and her father, out on the terrace after dinner, and not talk very much. Had she come home? he wondered.

While he was dressing, Lydia knocked on the communicating door and came in.

"Darling?"

"Here," he said.

She was ready for dinner, her fair hair piled on top of her little head in a mass of curls, and looked like a child with her hair caught up carelessly before the bath. She wore a cool striped cotton frock in the green she most loved, tight in the bodice, full in the long smart skirt, and the emeralds. There were green sandals, very high-heeled, on her bare feet, and her toenails, perfect as sea shells, were painted the bright provocative red of her fingernails and her mouth.

☆ HE put his arms around her. "I thought you'd never come home," he said.

"Careful of lipstick," she warned him. . . . "And hurry, do, Ron. The mob's coming for cocktails early . . . I thought we'd go to the club and dance after."

He sighed, "How many of us?"

"Only twenty," she said; "just a family party."

"Who's stopping here?" he wanted to know. Absurd that he didn't.

"Aunt Sammy, Evelyn and Tom—no one else."

"Lydia . . ." He went to the bureau, took from the top the little tooled leather box. "For our anniversary," he said.

She opened it, smiled, and slipped the ring on her finger.

"But it's lovely," she said—"lovely. Thank you, angel." She stood on tiptoe to kiss him lightly. "A smudge, after all," she added tragically. . . . "Ron"—she scrubbed his lean cheek with a wisp of lace and linen—"you're staying the week-end?"

"I can't, dear."

She said, "You might have made an effort . . . but you haven't. It will be like this all summer."

"I'm sorry."

Lydia shrugged. "Skip it," she said briefly, and he drew his breath in relief. No scene, then? Last summer, many scenes. The summer before . . .

She said, "I have a present for you, too—wait a minute."

He had finished dressing when she returned with the cuff links and gave them to him.

"There," she said. "Like them?"

"They're beautiful," he said, wondering how Mamie would react to star sapphires.

"I hoped you'd think so. Do hurry," she urged, and vanished.

Cuff links, cigarette case, evening studs. He was acquiring a jewelry wardrobe, he thought. Lydia's father was generous with her.

Tying his tie, he stared somberly into the mirror. Portrait of a successful physician. Park Avenue apartment, Long Island country house, a good small car. Your wife has her own. Platinum and star sapphires . . .

I didn't want this, he thought. This isn't what I wanted.

There was no earthly reason why he and Lydia could not have their own perfectly adequate apartment now. Except that she didn't want it. It had taken him four years to learn that. He knew now that his father-in-law would not have minded.

☆ IF I had any guts, he told himself, I'd insist.

Of course, as his income increased so had his contributions to the living expenses. But he suspected Allen returned that money to Lydia—not that any one had told him so.

Once, when he had said something, she flashed out at him: "Don't be stuffy. It will all be ours some day—and, after all, we're all he has."

True, of course. Realistic. He had hated it. It had hit him definitely at the pit of his stomach and sickened him.

Four years. He had been upstate just once, when Mat died. Lydia had been annoyed. She was booked to go South. She had said, "But I can't change all my plans . . ."

It was hard to explain to Mamie why Lydia hadn't been with him. Hard because she seemed to understand, and he would so much rather she hadn't.

He had found Mamie very lonely. Mrs. Roberts was moving in with her; the two of them would live in the old house together. Bill Treat was still in the tenant house. Ron saw him on that brief trip home a year and a half

(Continued on page 50)

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Why South America *Fears* Us

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Are we helping Hitler by making the same mistakes others have made with us?

☆ WE are involved in two separate but profoundly related efforts toward international co-operation, both precipitated by Nazism and both in the interest of democracy. Great Britain, by every possible call of sentiment and of propaganda, is rallying us to her aid; we are trying to weld this Western Hemisphere into a defensive unity. Both efforts run up against the same obstacles and are making the same mistakes. The mistakes would be less serious if we had only the present crisis to meet. There is little doubt that both the Americas are opposed to Hitlerism, and will not, if they can help it, permit the enemy of all democracies to invade Great Britain or our own lands. The invader will be defeated—temporarily. But we shall have to defend our way of life again and again, and an organization for permanent defense is precisely what we are failing to build.

Even our present efforts are less than satisfactory. England clamors for us to get into the war, and accuses us of not realizing the full extent of the danger. We are concerned over the slowness of South America to join us wholeheartedly. In either case the blame is too lightly put on the subversive activities of fifth columnists. No doubt the enemy is busy, but perhaps the chief blame rests squarely at our own door.

South America holds aloof from us for much the same reason that we hesitate to commit our destiny to British control, not that we fail to admire the British, not that South America is unfriendly to us, but because neither we nor the southern countries wish to be controlled by anybody. Co-operation between free countries on equal terms would enlist our complete enthusiasm, but we in the north are not sure that Great Britain wants from us co-operation on equal terms, nor are the countries of South America sure that we want it from them. No American country, north or south, will tolerate a scheme to lure it back into a colonial relationship, either political or economic.

South America is afraid of Hitler, but it is also afraid of us. Why it is afraid, we can more easily understand if we recall what we consider Great Britain's mistakes whenever she seeks our aid. We may be unjust to her, as South America is unjust to us, but in both cases there is provocation.

Between British democracy and American there is a difference which Great Britain is slow to recognize. England is English by race as well as speech. The United States was settled by Englishmen but also, in the course of time, by all the nations of Europe. Our common tie is not our past but our ideal for the future. We have kept many English institutions, but we have modified them; we speak the English language, but we have changed it; and even before the Revolution we abolished the English class system, shocked the Tories by doing away with the law

of entail which made the eldest son a privileged character, and rejected once for all the institution of a ruling class and the idea of a dominant race.

We are English-speaking, but we are Americans. In our last election one candidate was of German descent, the other had his name from Holland. We fight as a unit when we are sure we are fighting for American ideals, but if we are asked to fight a European war, some large fraction of us must fight against the country from which their ancestors came. A European war is equally unnatural and disruptive in a South American country such as Argentina, settled by Spanish and French but also by Germans, Italians, English, and many other European races.

The first mistake which the English make in appealing to the United States is the assumption that we all feel toward England as toward a mother country, and that we'd be glad to put ourselves under her leadership and control. It is this sincere conviction which enables the English ruling class to ask us for everything we have and at the same time to assure us that the request is for our own good and we ought to thank them, and not they us. It was this conviction that led them, in the first World War, to urge the brigading of our troops with theirs. Incredible as it seems to us, they must have believed that our Irish regiments would fight with the maximum enthusiasm and efficiency in an English army, under English command. General Pershing and Secretary Newton Baker had to be very firm before American soldiers were permitted to fight in an American army.

We can understand the English point of view, but in this matter of command it is not ours. The English believe in a superior race and they have no doubt which it is. The poet who best expressed the doctrine was not German but English—Rudyard Kipling. In America, North and South, we think he was a great storyteller but a poor philosopher. We don't like his belief that any one people has the duty or "burden" of policing the others, or of inflicting a civilization or a culture or a way of life at the point of the bayonet.

☆ THAT is why we are disturbed and our war effort somewhat relaxed when Winston Churchill tells the House of Commons that though we are supplying considerable aid, and though Russia is fighting magnificently, the war will be won by the British, and unless they win, the cause of democracy will be lost. Perhaps he referred only to British democracy, but perhaps also he cannot conceive of other democratic countries as anything but inferior. Yet numbers count for something, at least in the war. The number of white citizens in the British Empire is not very large. The English colonial policy has kept the race pure but the population small. It's a different ideal from ours, and we think the results of our ideal are better. At least our hundred and thirty millions of mixed races form the particular democracy which can feed and arm Great Britain at her request—or, as it sometimes seems, by her gracious permission. We don't understand why it's unthinkable that by applying to ourselves the aid we give her we might survive.

In the modern world England is too small a country to remain an empire of the usual kind. She is what in business would be called a holding company. She exerts powerful controls at strategic points. We realize she is just now controlling us a great deal more than we like, and we put up with the situation for the sake of beating the Nazis, but we think it quite unnecessary, and we fear that if Great Britain can't learn to deal with her friends as equals rather than subsidiaries, there will be less good will in the world rather than more.

I state the North American irritations with Great Britain in order to make clear the South American irritations with us. But let me guard against possible misunderstanding. Even an irritated citizen of the United States knows that not all Englishmen take the point of view of their ruling class. Those younger sons who by the law of entail have been forced to the ends of the earth, either in their country's service or as pioneers among other peoples, are to our American way of thinking as fine as men can well be, truly democratic in our New World sense. They usually return to fight for their ancestral home when it is in trouble. Some day, perhaps, they may be called back to guide its policy and suggest a wiser approach to other nations. If so, they will probably set an example to us all in the practice of those ideals we talk about now.

☆ AT present we are repeating in South America all the mistakes which we attribute to Great Britain. We would deny that we seek control over our neighbors, but we act as though we sought it, and we announce that our proposals are for the general good of mankind. We profess not to believe that any nation is destined to boss the others, and in the spirit of equality we hold Pan-American conferences, but after the amiable words are spoken our conduct remains what it was, open to the charge of high-handedness. South American countries remember how we got the Panama Canal, and they are uneasy over our acquisition of bases. An editorial writer on one of the Buenos Aires papers explained it to me this way:

"We'd like to know in whose interest these bases are sought. Are they for the defense of the United States? Then why shouldn't they be asked for in those terms? Are they for our defense? Then why should you be the ones to decide whether we need defense and how it should be secured? Is it for the defense of the whole continent? Then why shouldn't all the countries undertake it, after consultation with each other? Are you constituting yourselves our guardians, just because you are large and rich? Are your ideals the same as ours? How do we know? We see that you are closely and somewhat secretly allied with Great Britain; do you expect us to support you in carrying out all your promises to her, whatever they may be? It's a good deal to ask of us, since you yourselves don't know with any precision what commitments your government has made. If we decline to join you in this rather blind program, will you charge us with being Nazi sympathizers or disloyal Americans? What right have you to assume that our nation will do whatever you advise, or that you can pledge us to the support of the British policy? Since when were we unable to deal directly with Great Britain?"

☆ THE Argentine editor is, I believe, a warm friend of both England and the United States. His remarks were intended to show me that even our friends can be cooled by the wrong approach. We give the Germans a handle against us by our oversights and omissions, which are quite as annoying to the South Americans as British obtuseness is to us. Our failure to be considerate implies a contempt which we are far from feeling but which a sensitive neighbor will believe proved beyond question.

And it is true that the South American countries, Argentina for example, are sensitive. The war has presented them with difficulties which we could solve if we wished, but we have done little. No doubt our neighbors would be glad if we poured out our resources for them as we are doing for England, but that is not what they ask; they ask only that we trade with them. Any money spent on their goods would almost certainly come back to us, for we make the things they need, and in the present condition of the world we are their chief source of supply, as we are their chief potential customer. They are not beggars; they want our trade, and they don't obscure that simple business fact by pretending that trade with them would have for its ultimate purpose our moral uplift. If we, who can give everything to England, cannot encourage and strengthen our neighbors by doing business with them on a basis of solvent equality, we needn't be surprised if they doubt our professions of friendship.

These South American neighbors understand the European psychology better than we do. They have dealt with the Continental Powers and with Great Britain in the League of Nations. They marvel that we can still be childlike enough to meet the present crisis only with our emotions. They are appalled to see that we learned little or nothing from the last war and its tragic peacemaking. They recall the high-minded principles which President Wilson enunciated on behalf of the Allies and presumably with their consent. They remember his consternation and wrath when he discovered that previous engagements, kept secret from him, would prevent the Allies from carrying out those

(*Continued on page 57*)

Fire ! Fire !

A menace to our defense! The appalling truth about what carelessness costs

BY G. GRAMADA

☆ THE fire engines roar down the street. Their sirens shriek. Their bells clang. Traffic stops. Boys and men rush to the scene of the fire. It may be only a smudge, or it may imperil human life. It may be nothing more than a pile of rubbish burning, or it may cost millions in property and in vital national supplies. We read, "$10,000,000 Fire," and we shrug our shoulders. "The place is undoubtedly insured," we comment. But what about the men and women who are suddenly thrown out of work? What about the essential supplies that cannot be replaced quickly at any price? If there is a shortage of gasoline in the eastern states, every gallon that is wasted imperils the national defense. What about a fire that sends gas up into the clouds?

Americans are probably the most careless of all peoples concerning fires. We take seriously the menace to national safety from the war overseas, but we throw lighted cigarettes out of the window on the awning two floors below. We read of the burning of London by incendiary bombs and we are appalled, but we throw a burning match into dried leaves and grass as we motor along country roads.

The other night I was motoring through beautiful country. In front of me sat a young lady who looked chic smoking a cigarette. But I didn't feel so nice about it when she threw her lighted cigarette out of the window. I shouted, "Stop the car!" and we went back to look for that butt. My family was in a farmhouse on that road.

Maybe I am more fire-conscious than most people. Back in 1923, my wife and I had decided on a long trip as a delayed honeymoon. We started from Shanghai and went to Tokyo. We looked forward to visiting various Japanese resorts, then Korea and Manchuria and Peking. But at two minutes to twelve, on September 1, the great earthquake occurred in Tokyo, and we were in it. In Japan women cook their meals on little charcoal stoves, and I suppose in every Japanese home at least one of these stoves was overturned, setting the house on fire. That night we, refugees resting on the sidewalk in front of the Imperial Hotel, no longer feared the earthquake. We feared fire. All around us was fire. The air was laden with smoke and we could hear the shrieks of burning people. We wondered when our turn would come. I have never taken fire complacently since that frightful night.

And I cannot help thinking, when I see how we rise in anger at the activities of spies, saboteurs, fifth columnists, that we never realize that we ourselves may cause equal or more damage when we use defective electric wiring or let the gas leak or let oily dust accumulate under the electrical refrigerator.

This country has, on the average, 1,500 fires a day. Fire kills, on the average, twenty-eight American citizens every day, and maims many others. Fire costs this country almost one third of a billion dollars a year, or approximately $33,600 every hour. In the first five months of this year our fire loss amounted to $139,010,000. Forest fires alone every year destroy timber that would cover an area as large as the State of Utah. Our annual fire losses in lives, money, and property are higher proportionately than those of any other civilized country on the globe. And it is mostly due to carelessness.

If the owners of the destroyed property carry fire insurance, they will probably be reimbursed, but the loss in national economy is tremendous. Were it not for fire insurance, none but the very wealthy could risk owning homes or buildings of any kind. Even fire insurance, however, cannot replace lives nor make the crippled and maimed whole again. When that cow started the Chicago fire, she did so thorough a job that insurance could not have been ample compensation. When the earthquake started fires in San Francisco, an atmosphere and a tradition were lost which no insurance policy could cover. A fire in a factory which is devoted to the national defense will be covered by insurance, of course; but if that factory should burn down and thereby an essential part should be lacking for some instrument of national defense like the airplane, no money compensation could make the slightest difference.

This huge average annual fire bill is particularly appalling in this time of national crisis. We cannot afford now, if we ever could, these careless losses of life and property. It has been estimated that the value of property destroyed by fire since the first of last January would buy us 550 long-range bombers.

It just doesn't make sense, at a time when our taxpayers are being asked to dig down into their pockets for our defense program and our taxes and national debt are rising so swiftly, that we should not conserve our resources by the little acts of care that prevent fires. Most fires could easily be prevented, and yet many of us do not feel a sense of individual responsibility for fire losses. Vaguely we leave all that to "the fire department." We have excellent fire departments. Every year their equipment and personnel improve. But obviously fire departments are there to put out fires. They come in after the trouble is started; we are always around starting it.

For instance, the other day, when we came up to our farm, we plugged in an old radio. It started to smell like a house on fire. We had forgotten why we had not used it for some time. Fortunately, no fuses were blown out —its wiring was so defective that anything might have happened. A friend told us how she used to put wrapping paper and bags and pieces of string and twine behind the electrical refrigerator, to be used when needed. Then one day, when her refrigerator was out of order and an electrician was sent for, he gave her the old Harry. He told her that it was only luck that saved her from one of those fires that always start when nobody is at home.

One of the best ways of preventing fires, particularly in industries and places where highly flammable materials and processes are used, is the adoption and enforcement by the city of a fire prevention ordinance such as the Suggested Fire Prevention Ordinance recommended by the National Board of Fire Underwriters. With such an ordinance in force, the fire department has the necessary authority to see to it that these materials and processes are used in such a way that the danger of a serious fire is practically eliminated.

But that isn't enough. Each one of us has to be alert against this greatest of evils, and the National Board of Underwriters makes suggestions which any one can follow. They are worth memorizing:

1. Keep chimneys, stoves, and furnaces clean and in good repair. Soot accumulated in heating pipes easily catches fire. Chimneys should be cleaned at least once a year and chimney flues lined with noninflammable fire clay. Never force a heating plant in cold weather. Call a heating expert. Be sure your furnace and stoves are properly constructed.

2. Always place an iron screen with a fine mesh in front of your fireplace.

Never burn large quantities of paper in your fireplace; the charring bits will be drawn up the chimney and may set fire to the roof. Never use your fireplace as a catchall for rubbish. Choose wood that has little tendency to snap and spark. It is best to have your roof made of or coated with noninflammable material.

3. Always disconnect electrical appliances, even if you leave them for only a minute. Many fires have been caused by electric irons, curling irons, toasters, heaters being left and forgotten until too late.

4. Use only electrical equipment that has been approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. This means, among other things, sturdy lamp cords. Frayed lamp cords, cheap lamp cords are fire hazards. Don't connect too many lamps to one socket. Another floor outlet is less expensive than a fire. Have your electrical repairs done by a competent mechanic. Don't tinker with your electrical system yourself unless you are sure you know a great deal about it.

5. Never use inflammable cleaning fluids, such as gasoline, naphtha, or benzine. There are plenty of good inexpensive noninflammable cleaning fluids on the market. Cleaning a $4.95 dress has killed a whole family.

6. Don't let rubbish collect anywhere. Many attics, with their piles of old papers, clothes, toys, discarded furniture, are fire traps. Likewise many basements. Empty your furnace ashes into metal containers, never wooden ones, and get rid of all ashes as soon as possible. Your garage should also be kept free of junk.

☆ NEVER allow piles of leaves to accumulate in your yard. Such leaves should either be buried or burned. And if you make a bonfire, don't make it on a windy day or near any buildings or trees, and be sure it is really out before you leave it.

7. Keep matches away from the children. Never leave a young child alone in a room with an open fire, a heater, or a hot stove. Buy matches approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. Their heads won't fly off so easily and they will not continue to glow after the match is extinguished.

8. Make sure that gas connections on your property are rigid and tight. Do not use rubber or other flexible tubing. Don't hunt for gas leaks with a match!

9. Don't store oily rags, mops, cotton waste, cleaning cloths, paint cloths in any small enclosed space, because, owing to certain chemical reactions, they grow hotter and hotter and finally burst into flames. Such fires are said to be caused by spontaneous combustion, and are especially destructive because they occur so unexpectedly in out-of-the-way places. Keep all your cleaning cloths in metal containers. Wash your mop after every use. Launder dust cloths at least once a week. Oil in the dust bag of your vacuum cleaner can cause trouble. If you put an oily rag in the pocket of your car, you're just asking for trouble.

10. Don't smoke in elevators or in any place where a sign says *No Smoking*, or in crowds. Don't go out of the room and leave a burning cigarette behind you. If you smoke while driving, don't throw your stubs out of the car where they may ignite rubbish by the roadside. Don't smoke while gasoline is being put into your car. There should be plenty of ash trays in your home, large and solid ones, with raised sides, and they should be frequently emptied.

11. Wastebaskets should be made of noninflammable material. And don't throw matches or cigarette stubs in the wastebasket, or empty your pipe into it.

12. If you go picnicking, don't build your fire near brush or trees, and when you leave it, make sure that it is really out by pouring on water or earth. Don't build any kind of fire in a high wind. Forest fires destroy lumber worth $67,000,000 every year.

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LIBERTY MAGAZINE

The American Way of Life

For many years, organized fire prevention has been carried on by various local and state agencies. However, the only agency of nation-wide scope devoted to fire prevention is the National Board of Fire Underwriters. This Board was founded in 1866, as a nonprofit organization, for the purpose of fire prevention and control in the United States. A pioneer in the field, it today represents a membership of nearly 200 leading capital-stock fire-insurance companies concerned with fire prevention.

For seventy-five years the National Board of Fire Underwriters has attempted to give our citizens a sense of individual responsibility toward fire. It has devised fire-prevention programs, sent out fire-prevention literature, kept the public informed on proper methods of fire prevention. In 1905 it drew up the first Model Building Code, for the safe construction of buildings and the proper use of fire-retarding materials, which has had such an extensive effect on American city planning and architecture. Without it the skyscraper would have been impossible. This was preceded, in 1897, by the first Model Electrical Code, providing for the safe installation and use of electricity. Since 1901 the Board has sponsored Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., which yearly tests thousands of appliances in an effort to improve fire prevention and protection. One of the Board's greatest achievements has been the standardization of hose couplings in thousands of communities throughout the country, so that the fire-fighting equipment of a neighboring town may be called in to aid the local fire department in case of a particularly destructive fire. Before such standardization took place, outside fire equipment was often useless.

☆ SINCE the turn of the century the National Board of Fire Underwriters has maintained a staff of trained engineers who make regular inspection trips, going from community to community, looking for fire hazards and finding them. They test local fire equipment, investigate water supply and distribution, and examine the fire-alarm system. High as America's fire bill is, it is generally agreed that it would have been very much higher were it not for the work of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Yet many citizens are unaware of how great a measure of safety has been given to their lives by this "unofficial fireman."

In 1917, just before the entry of the United States into the World War, the National Board of Fire Underwriters offered its services to the government. It made suggestions as to the safe construction and protection of cantonments, supply depots, and naval shore establishments, with the result that fire losses amounting to only $3,000 were sustained on over $100,000,000 worth of construction. In the present crisis the National Board again is serving the nation along these lines.

For seventy-five years the National Board of Fire Underwriters has led this country's organized fire-prevention efforts. It has aided the average American to protect his home and business against fires. The average citizen alone could never have accomplished the significant improvements in community fire defense which have been made in the past seventy-five years. Neither could nor can the National Board of Fire Underwriters do without the fullest cooperation of practically every one.

The slogan of modern times is: "Put out that fire before it starts!"

THE END

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BY RADIE HARRIS

Miss Crane Won't be in Today

☆ DALE FENWICK, in his pine-paneled office, pressed the buzzer which connected with the anteroom, where his secretary, Agatha Crane, guarded his privacy like a sentinel outside Buckingham Palace.

But, instead of the never-failing answer of Miss Crane, the voice of Don Thomas, his chief copy writer, came through the dictograph: "Miss Crane won't be in. She isn't well."

Miss Crane not coming in today! If he had just been told that the Crossley on his most popular radio account had dropped four points, Dale couldn't have been more upset.

It was the first time since she had first come to work for him—how long was it? Six or seven years, maybe eight—that she had ever missed a day at the office because of illness. Come to think of it, the only times he could recall her being away, other than her annual summer holiday, were when her father died, and once when she had to attend a wedding.

Funny, he mused, how she has been so close a part of my daily life, and yet I know so little about her!

Forty dollars a week was what she earned. That just about covered my check at the Stork Club last night, Dale thought. Still, forty dollars is considered good pay for a secretary. Then, there was always a bonus at the end of the year and an extra week's salary at Christmas. In between, there was "loot" from some of his clients who hoped to get to him by playing up to her. They gave her tickets to previews, broadcasts, first nights. Sometimes there was a bottle of Guerlain or a box of Sherry's.

Dale was amused, but had never thought seriously about how all this affected her private life. Here was a middle-class Brooklyn girl of twenty-six transported into a different, an exciting world, and living vicariously the lives of the people with whom she worked. Did coming in contact with so many attractive men, day after day, spoil her for the Joe Zilches and Jim Doakeses? Was that why she had never married?

Suddenly a frightening thought struck him. Suppose she were in love with him. In the movies and pulp magazines, secretaries were always harboring a pent-up passion for their bosses. Of course, the bosses always looked like Cary Grant or Melvyn Douglas. Well, no one could ever call him a conceited guy, but he'd be a fool not to know that his own good looks could stand comparison with any in Hollywood. His business pals kiddingly referred to him as the Dream Prince of the Advertising Club. Women "purswooed" him as if every day were February 29.

Why should Agatha Crane be an exception? She who saw him every day—who knew him, perhaps, more intimately than any one except his wife. Thinking about her now, he realized that she was almost psychic in anticipating his every mood—in catering to his every whim. When he came in after a big night with prospective clients, there was always a bicarbonate of soda within reaching distance. When he was "baiting" a new women's account, she knew exactly what menu was to be ordered in advance at the 21 Club and what corsage was to be sent from Irene Hayes. She knew how he hated talking on the phone, and she seemed to have a sixth sense about whom to put off and whom to put through.

"Dale, that Miss Crane of yours is a paragon of diplomacy and tact," Carol Wood had remarked only the other day over cocktails at the Barberry Room. "Most secretaries resent predatory females like myself, but she is always patient, no matter how many times I ring you. Maybe she's a soul mate—in love with you too!"

Dale had laughed and squeezed her hand under the table, as she hoped he would when she placed it there. It gave her so much pleasure and, as his wife always said, it gave him no pain! He had dismissed her remark about Miss Crane as silly. But now he began to wonder . . .

That single rose on his desk every morning. Her solicitude about his food when, preoccupied with a big campaign, he had his meals sent in.

Of course she was in love with him. How stupid of him to have been so blind! Well, there was only one course to pursue. When she came back in the morning, he would have a nice quiet talk with her. He would, in a very subtle way, try to point out that she was ruining her life by this hopeless infatuation. She was too fine a girl not to enjoy the rewards of marriage and motherhood. He would hate losing her (even the thought of it now threw him into a panic!) but he would make the sacrifice, if it meant her happiness. In the meantime, he would have Don Thomas call her and see if she needed anything. No; on second thought, he would phone himself. It would give her so much pleasure—and him no pain!

He pressed the buzzer again.

"If we have Miss Crane's home phone number on file, please get it for me," he told Don Thomas.

"It's Dewey 2-1339. Shall I ring it for you?"

"Not now, thank you. I may want to call her later about some copy I seem to have misplaced."

Dale discovered, to his amazement, that he was trying to sound nonchalant, as if he were covering up a guilty feeling of intrigue. How perfectly idiotic! he thought as he picked up the receiver to dial the number. But he still felt absurdly self-conscious.

"May I speak to Miss Crane?" His hesitant voice bore no resemblance to his usual authoritative one.

"I'm sorry, but Miss Crane is indisposed. May I take a message? This is her husband speaking."

A slight pause will denote the lapse of time it took for Dale to recuperate from this casual announcement. Then, rallying, he assumed his most businesslike tone. "This is Dale Fenwick's office calling. Just tell Miss Crane—I mean—"

"Mrs. Field," Mr. Field came to the rescue.

"Just tell Mrs. Field—that Mr. Fenwick is sorry to hear that she is ill, and says she isn't to worry about anything at the office. Just to hurry and get well soon."

"That's very kind of Mr. Fenwick. Will you please thank him and tell him that she has just written him a note expressing her regret that she must give up her job. You see, Miss Crane—I mean Mrs. Field—is going to have a baby!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Hollywoodzapoppin'

America's wackiest zanies give you news from movieland — Read it at your own risk

☆ THIS article has already been analyzed by the press of the world, as follows:

BERLIN—Obviously capitalist-inspired propaganda.

ROME—(delayed) Obviously capitalist-inspired propaganda.

STOCKHOLM—Der Stugerfloogle, Stockholm Cooking Journal, awards Olsen and Johnson four meat balls.

HOLLYWOOD—(delayed) Olsen and Johnson accept.

READING TIME

Small Children.....One half hour
Large Children.....One half day
In Bathtub..Eliminate small children
In Subway.....Next to impossible*

Since the world has suddenly been turned upside down, we find it necessary to start this way to attain the proper perspective!

HOLLYWOOD—(delayed) — BANG! BOOM! %!!(-¼@WHAM! $:?#@ SLAM! CRASH! %$!()½ SLAM! &#:@ ¾?-)!& WOW! ZOW! &%#! (-&" ZING! %%&#: EEEE! ½:/@?.¾ V-&8#Z$ SSSSS! WHAM! %%#!! !! LOOOOOK OUT!

In other words—Hollywoodzapoppin' with Hellzapoppin'!

Hello, folks.

We've just finished making the film version of Hellzapoppin' in Hollywood, and that introduction was to show you we're the same Olsen and Johnson. It's true we're snubbing every one, but that's because when we become famous movie actors our friends won't be able to say we've changed!

Hollywood's really a beautiful place—the touch of Midas on a backdrop of avocados. Bounded on the north by Ciro's, the east by Santa Anita, the west by fog, and the south by Will Hays. Hollywood is where Al Jolson is a boxer and Maxie Rosenbloom is an actor.* Hollywood is where business managers have taken over the once fabulous salaries, and gin rummy has taken over the rest. In fact, Hollywood is the one place where options speak louder than words! Half the population here is on a diet because they're in the movies—and the other half is on a diet because they're not in the movies!

WHZZZZZZZZZZ! ZIP-ZOP ZOWIE ZAM!

Don't worry. That was only a boy with the rushes!

Well, anyway, our first picture in many years is at last completed. Our producer, after seeing it, said to us:

"Boys, it's wonderful how pictures have advanced these last few years."

"In what way?" we asked modestly.

"First," he said, "we had silent pictures. Then we had talkies. And now this one smells!"

It shows you how nice people are in filmdom. You know, we used to think knives were thrown only by stuntmen—until we came to Hollywood. But actually, working with Universal on Hellzapoppin' was a lot of fun. Everything was simply marvelous. Believe us, the producer was so wonderful. The other actors were so wonderful. The director was so wonderful. And our salary was so—so. Why, we were talking to the cutters yesterday and even they admitted they enjoyed working on us—except that when they were through there was so much film on the floor we were a fire hazard! Which could be our only gripe. Honestly, we were cut so much in the picture that we're now both using iodine for make-up!

However, to further confuse and terrify the reader, we suggest the following test before continuing with this article, a test based on age, previous condition of servitude, and ability to absorb punishment. Send answers, together with the top of one Mocha Layer cake to Olsen and Johnson, Universal City, California, or reasonable facsimile thereof. Prizes will be awarded for neatness and originality of thought. Grade yourself according to the table listed below:

1. (True or false?) Whatever became of Vaudeville?
2. Whatever became of Olsen and Johnson?
3. (delayed) What is the meaning of CIO—AFL—TVA—TWA—FHA—AAA—PTA—AGVA?
4. PU?

Now kindly turn to page 166* for correct answers. One correct—Sensational. More than that—Impossible!

A brief pause for a knock at the door. Just a man rehearsing for the Jack Benny program! That is what has become of vaudeville. Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen, Bob Hope, Cliff Nazarro, Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Bert Wheeler, Edgar Bergen, Sidney Lanfield, Red Skelton, Olsen and Johnson, Abbott and Costello, Leon Errol, and a host of others, all out here. Vaudeville is not dead—it is just mislaid!

But we're not worried. Because we already have a contract for another picture. We're being sent on location for it, but we can't understand this—our fare is being paid only one way. Of course, we've made pictures in Hollywood before, but finally we had to stop—our Kodak broke!

Another time we got a swell job. The star ate green apples and we doubled for him!

The above paragraph was especially set up to make easier reading for Orientals—and all people with slant eyes!

But back to Hollywood. We love it. We were playing opposite Deanna Durbin last week. She was on Stage Ten and we were on Stage Twelve. They didn't yell, "Make-up!" for us; they yelled, "Calling Dr. Kildare!" And they even provided us with a police escort for our preview—both ways!

We were constantly disturbed dur-

*Estimated. Based on 1930 census figures giving Brooklyn a two-to-one lead over Manhattan, an eight-to-one lead over the Giants, and Mrs. O'Leary expecting.

TEAR HERE TO WRAP AND DISPOSE OF CHEWING GUM.

* Estimated.

ing the filming of our epic. One day the producer raced in.

"Olsen! Johnson!" he screamed. "We've got to work fast and complete Hellzapoppin'! We've got to hurry it!"

"But why the hurry?"

"The plate company just phoned," he gulped. "They've got an early release date set for their new dishes!"

Incidentally, in this article we want to please all our followers. And so we have a very, very special "inside" story to relate to a certain group of our friends. Here goes:

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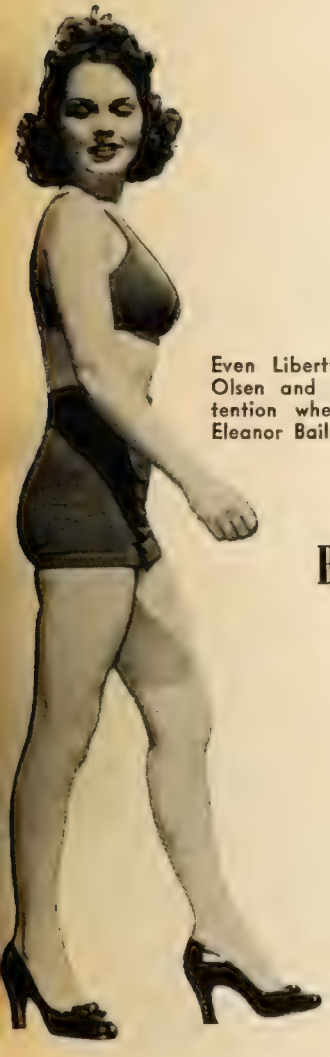
That exclusive story was especially arranged for people who can't read!



Even Liberty can't hold Olsen and Johnson's attention when curvacious Eleanor Bailey passes by.

BY OLE OLSEN AND CHIC JOHNSON

At this point we wish to pause and tell you a little about some of the folks we've been working with at Universal. Our first scene was with an ex-burlesque queen—everything came off on schedule. The first leading lady they signed was from Europe.

Her French wasn't bad; her English wasn't bad. Only trouble—she spoke them both at the same time! She's quite a famous actress, and just recently she married a famous actor—a quiet wedding—only the press agents of the immediate family were present.

For the picture the studio hired a well known actor who played so many butler roles in the last few years that he now enters his home through the servants' entrance.

Of course, in anything like Hellzapoppin' there must be a lot of strange people. For example, we hired an expert vaudeville contortionist. Previous to this job he'd been out of work so long he didn't know where to turn. We also sent out a call for some midgets. Lots of them applied for work. Of course, we inquired about their previous experience. One midget admitted he had a job as a condensed milk man!

And the women in the show! Wait'll you see the native girls, and the clothes—they could have worn. When we had nothing to do, we walked around and gave the gals in the chorus special names. One we called Crystal—she was always on the watch. Another we named Misery—she liked company. A third we labeled Revenge—she was sweet. And there was the blonde we called Marigold, because that's what she was trying to do. There was a woman on the set who looked after the girls. A really cold person named Harriet Icicle—one of God's frozen people!

(For Abbott and Costello fans (delayed) who aren't getting much kick out of Olsen and Johnson refinement we suggest you stop right here and spend three hours with our favorite riddle. Now, hold on. There was once a beggar we knew who had a brother and the brother died, yet the man who died never had a brother. How come? The answer is on page 39.

The first thing people ask after you've been in Hollywood is, What really happened? People always expect to hear the worst. Well, we've both done a lot of investigating about town, and it's really not as hot and wild and sex-ridden as Easterners believe. We have proof. We present, from the secret archives of Olsen and Johnson, Hollywood Exposé No. X1W5-WOW!-4783:

Last week, to find out what's what, we took out one of the leading feminine stars in Hollywood. We took her to dinner. That was cozy. Then we went to a dark movie. She wouldn't even let us hold her hand. We went for a drive in the hills. She wouldn't let us kiss her. We mentioned drinks. She settled for a chocolate milk shake. And then she had to be home by nine thirty. . . . But she's an awfully cute kid, that Baby Sandy!

Another thing people always want to know about Hollywood is the truth concerning the trade-unions and guilds. Well, from what we could gather, the trade-unions here are very powerful. Yes, very powerful. Why, in Hellzapoppin' one of us says to the other, "You know, Chic, I feel fit as a fiddle"—and three hours later we had to join the musicians' union!

It's gotten so bad that even the pet monkeys in our picture are going on a strike—they're fed up working for peanuts!

One thing in Hollywood definitely disappointed us. We expected a land of high hilarity and gags and practical jokes. But the movie people are too serious. They really put their hearts in their work. We met one producer who puts his heart in every picture—anyway, she's been in his last three.

Other cities go much greater for gags. You see, Hollywood just leaves every one utterly speechless—in fact, that's why we brought our wives out here! However, seriously, Spokane, Washington, is one place we'll never forget and one place that will never forget us.

Our last personal appearance in Spokane was a big hit. Honestly, that's what those fans want, real flesh and blood—ours! In Spokane was a jewelry-shop owner named Oscar Levitch. A swell fellow and the city's leading gagster. When we played vaudeville there, he tried to beat us at our own racket. The first stunt he pulled was sitting in a conspicuous box during opening night—reading a newspaper through our entire performance! We finally got even—we bombarded him out of his seat by throwing hundreds of magazines and books at him! After the show, a delicious chicken-and-champagne feast was sent to us backstage. We ate it and took second helpings. We thought it was from the management. Then we got a bill for $46! Another gag by Oscar Levitch.

But we settled him. That night we phoned the leading house painter in town. One of us imitated Levitch's voice. We said we wanted the painter to arrive at dawn and paint the jewelry shop green, every inch of it, every window—green for Christmas—it was July, but we said we wanted people to start Christmas shopping early. The painter said that would take a couple of days, unless he had help and that would cost money. We told him to forget about expenses—so he hired ten men and started at four the next morning, and at eight the entire jewelry shop, every bit of it, was a screaming green! When Oscar Levitch got to his store, he staggered, but when he found the bill in his mailbox for the paint job—he fainted flat! And, to top it off, we called all the employment agencies in Spokane and suburbs and told them to send, at 1.30, seven bearded men to play Santa Claus, fourteen messenger boys with

(*Continued on page 39*)

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

The Silver Teapot

Mrs. Grady turned to Moe with a questioning look in her eyes. Moe turned away.

☆ THE barber chair had been swung about so that Moses Markowitz might look through the front window. His eyes were fixed on the pawnshop across the avenue. He could see that the gilt balls needed polishing.

Moe closed his eyes. How many times, under the watchful eyes of his father, had he polished those same three balls? Hazily a picture formed in his mind—that of a little bent man with a graying beard and a black skullcap, standing under the high ladder, scolding at a thin dark-eyed boy in fluent Yiddish. He remembered, too, how the boy would hang his head and hurry, fearful that his school friends might pass while he was being lectured in the despised tongue. Such a silly boy he had been!

A woman moved hurriedly along amid the shadows of the buildings across the avenue. Under her arm she carried a bundle. In front of the pawnshop she stopped and, with a quick glance up and down the avenue, ducked into the entrance.

Poor Mrs. Eaton! Every month for years she had brought the mantel clock, and every month for years she had been ashamed.

"We missed you, Mr. Markowitz," the barber was saying. "How long is it now? Five months?"

"Closer six, Tony."

"You've been away?"

Moe nodded. Away, he thought. Away where? Atlantic City a little, Florida three months. For Sarah it had been good. Mah-jongg she played, and bridge, and in the nights bingo in evening clothes. But he didn't play; he had never learned how. And so he had sat on the porch, smoking and watching the ocean, and if it rained, he had the rocker brought in behind the big plate glass window of the lobby and sat and smoked some more, watching how the rain slanted into the high waves. . . .

"It must feel great," said Tony, "to be retired. Nothing to do but see the world."

Moe stepped from the chair. "At fifty-five everybody should be retired," he said, unconsciously repeating Sarah's very words. "Comes a time when a man is too old for getting up at seven every morning and coming home at ten every night."

"Some of us can't," said Tony, making change. "Some of us will never get our noses off the grindstone."

Accepting his change, Moe shook hands and stepped out into the street. For a long while he stood on the corner. He watched Mrs. Eaton, bundleless, come out of the shop. Then, despite all the warnings Sarah had poured into his ears about going back, he could resist no longer. He hurried across the avenue and entered the pawnshop. The bell pealed in the depths of the shop. Slowly Moe made his way down the narrow aisle lined with trunks. He touched the dark worn wood of a shelf with his fingertips. He drew a deep breath and once again the faint odor of dust and old leather was in his nostrils. Everything was just as it had always been, even to the cases of guns and fishing rods that he had arranged years ago, against his father's deepest skepticism.

He lifted his eyes to the huge safe behind the counter, his father's pride and joy—yes, just the same, with the faded gold of the Abraham Markowitz in a half-circle over the 1878.

There was a step in the aisle behind the counter and Sig Issacson came toward him. At the sight of Moe, the expectant light in the eyes behind the bifocal lenses died away.

"Oh, only you, Markowitz," said the pawnbroker.

Moe laughed. "You thought a customer, heh, Issacson? I just dropped in for a minute. How is business?"

Sig Issacson pursed his lips. "Business! Rotten, and worse than rotten. . . . Markowitz, when you sold me the business for sixteen thousand you didn't say nothing about the neighborhood."

Moe felt a sudden prod of anger within him. "And what's wrong with the neighborhood? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! For over fifty years it was good enough for my father. . . . You saw the books for as far back as you wanted to look, no, Issacson?"

"Books! Books! Who cares for books? I tell you, the business ain't in the neighborhood no more."

Anger swelled in Moe. "Maybe," he said, "but just maybe, you don't know the pawnshop business so good."

"Good enough I know it." Issacson nodded his head. "So good I know

this business right here that I would sell it, quick like a flash, if I had a customer. I'd let it go for fifteen thousand"—he looked craftily at Moe—"maybe even fourteen thousand five hundred."

Issacson was so transparent—trying to sell him back the business. He would tell Sarah when he got home; she should have a good laugh, too. . . .

The bell pealed, and a short dumpy woman, an apron still about her middle, entered the shop. Mrs. Grady, flashed through Moe's mind. One of the oldest customers, one of the very best.

The woman's eyes lighted at the sight of him. "Good day, Mr. Markowitz," she said, placing a brown-paper bag on the counter. "It's like old times, you being here."

Moe nodded his head. "Things quiet at the docks, Mrs. Grady?" he asked mechanically, his eyes fastened on the paper bag. How many times had he handled a bag for Mrs. Grady? Thirty? Forty? Even before Issacson pulled it out, Moe visualized the old silver teapot inside.

"Quiet is no name for it," Mrs. Grady was saying. "But my Mike takes the bad with the good. And they promised work by the first." Then she added proudly: "Mike's top foreman now, you know."

Abstractedly Moe nodded. He was watching the man behind the counter

BY HOWARD MAIER

Moe was lucky—He wasn't too old to change his mind

examining the teapot, and it was as though his own hands were touching the cool old silver.

"How much do you want on this, lady?" Issacson asked.

Mrs. Grady turned to Moe with a questioning look in her pale eyes, as if the other man had asked her an unprecedented thing. Moe turned away and jingled some coins in his hand. A slight exasperation filled him. The whole thing was no business of his, not any longer.

"How much, lady?" he heard Issacson say sharply.

"Why—why, thirty dollars, of course," the woman said. "That's what I always get."

Out of the corner of his eye, Moe watched the slow shake of Issacson's head. "Twenty dollars, lady, is all I can give."

Moe felt the woman's eyes seeking him. But he kept his head turned from her. In the moment of silence that followed, he seemed to hear again the voice of his father. "Moses, my son," the voice of years ago said, "on the Gradys' teapot we give always thirty dollars. Twenty is all it is worth, but with people like the Gradys—honest, hard-working, God-fearing—always give a little more. Like the Gradys you can always trust." . . .

"But when Mr. Markowitz was here—" the woman started to say; then stopped, and Moe could almost hear her lips lock in pride. "Very well," she said. "I'll take the twenty."

All the time the ticket was being made out, Moe stood with his back to Mrs. Grady. Then came her voice: "Good night to you, Mr. Markowitz," it said, and there was no animosity in her words. "Please give my best to the missus."

At the tinkle of the bell Moe turned around.

"Silver teapots!" snorted Issacson. "It's like I told you—in this neighborhood you don't see a diamond once in two months."

Moe dragged his eyes from the door through which Mrs. Grady had gone, and stared at the man behind the counter, disliking him suddenly. And again it seemed as though the voice of a dead man in a worn skullcap filled the store: "Pawnshops are like banks, Moses my son, only better. Banks are for the rich. And for the poor—what? Pawnshops. The pawnbroker, he is the father of his community. In time of trouble the neighborhood has only him to turn to. Remember, Moses, when I am gone, never milk the neighborhood—never, never, never!"

"If I had a customer for the place," Issacson was saying to him. "If I had just one little nibble—"

Later, Moe could never explain just how it happened. How did one explain such vague things as the smell of dust and leather, the fading gilt on a safe, or Mrs. Grady and her teapot? Sarah would only shake her head sadly. And if he ever so much as mentioned thinking that he had heard his father *selig's* voice, she would do more than shake her head; she would rush him off to the doctor's. But right then it was all so simple. His lips seemed to move by themselves; the words came as if spoken by somebody else.

"You got a nibble, Issacson," he heard himself say, and with the words it seemed as if the strange unrest that had filled him for the past six months dropped away.

The man behind the counter peered at him. "Who?"

Moe tapped his chest. "Me."

Issacson's mouth fell open. "For fifteen thousand?"

"Fourteen five hundred was what you said."

Dumbly the man behind the counter nodded his head, as if unable to believe his senses. Moe looked at him, shook his head in disgust at *such* a business man, and moved toward the door. With his hand on the knob, he turned and said, "Tomorrow at the lawyers' we fix the papers." Then, as he watched the other's eager nod of acquiescence, he suddenly felt terribly sorry for the man.

In his mind's eye he saw Sig Issacson in a chair on a porch, rocking interminably.

"Issacson," he said almost compassionately, "how old are you?"

"Me?" said Issacson, surprised. "Next month, God willing, I am fifty-seven. Why?"

Moe nodded his head. "At fifty-seven," he said sagely, "everybody should be retired. Comes a time when a man is too old for getting up at seven every morning and coming home at ten every night."

THE END

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Mignon Gaudin, assassin . . Is this the end of a gallant, perilous masquerade?

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

She became as efficient as a nurse. She cleansed the wound and rebandaged it.

☆ PHILIP LAYDEN, a young American whose sister, married to a Czech, is living in Prague, becomes a secret agent for the Free French. With Mignon Gaudin, a French girl who has fled her home village after killing a Nazi officer, he joins a troupe of entertainers which the Germans are sending into occupied territory. Mignon poses as an Italian singer, Maria Lantera, and Philip as her accompanist, Rico Bardi. His real mission is to get in touch with anti-Nazi groups and help set up secret radios.

In charge of the troupe is Lisa Abernathil, a beautiful Austrian refugee whom Philip knew in Switzerland and with whom he is in love. Lisa too is supposed to be acting for the Free French, who have planted her in the Gestapo, but Philip is not sure of her loyalty—even though she does not betray him to her superior, Herr von Seidtz.

In Prague, Philip arranges with Anton Kanes, a baker, leader of a patriotic Czech group, for men to meet in a certain field late at night to unload radio sets from a plane which the British are sending over. The Germans discover the rendezvous and attack before the radios are all unloaded. The plane, however, a German bomber which has been reconditioned by the British, is equipped with machine guns and the Nazis are driven off. Several of the Czechs are killed, among them Kanes, and Philip receives a bad wound in his left arm.

Philip's companions advise him not to return to the hotel. He, like the rest, is dressed in a brownshirt uniform and will be shot if he is caught. The fact that he is wounded will surely rouse suspicion.

Philip, however, feels obliged to go back, to take his place again, if possible, as a member of the troupe, and finish the job he has been given to do.

PART NINE—THE RHYTHM OF THE "V"

☆ AT four o'clock in the morning Philip Layden again walked through the dark streets of Prague. This time his shoulders sagged, and his tired deep-set eyes burned with fever.

Between two other brown-shirted men, he pressed on, in the fear that he would collapse before he reached the Hotel Vratislav. Perhaps he had lost more blood than he'd realized—or else the exertion of helping conceal the crates had been too much. His knees felt so shaky, so weak, that they threatened to crumple beneath him at every step; and he was dizzy. When he glanced up into skies still glowing red where the granary fire had raged, his sight was blurred. He had to blink.

The man at his right supported his arm. What his name was, Philip couldn't remember. Ludvik something. His mind couldn't focus on details. What thoughts he had were vague, amorphous, as though a mist were floating in his brain. Only one thing

Tomorrow We March

ILLUSTRATOR
CHARLES LA SALLE

was clear, and it drove him on like a passion: he had to get back to his room.

His left arm hung limp. He was aware of it only when he bumped against the man at his left. They went on in silence, watching for patrols. But most of them had apparently gone to help fight the granary blaze. Whenever they did pass one, Philip's nerves contracted, ready for trouble. Always they had to deliver the "Heil Hitler" salute. Philip had a vision of Anton Kanes lying dead, part of his head shot away; of Karel Cypek sprawling beside him, his mouth open in agony; of the other brave men, dead now, in that blood-spattered field; and the "Heil Hitler" sickened him.

When they reached the side door of the Vratislav, one of the men remained near it, on guard. The other went with Philip into the cellar, to help him change from the uniform to his own clothes. With his arm as it was, it was quite a job.

"I'll take the uniform with me," the man said. "Can't leave it here."

Philip nodded.

"Can you get up to your room all right?"

"Yes; I'll make it."

"What floor are you on?" inquired the man.

"The second. . . . I'll be all right now. You'd better leave. You mustn't be seen here."

The man said bitterly, "We'll have to make good use of those radios to make them pay for what they cost us tonight."

Philip climbed the dark steps slowly, clinging to the banister. He stopped often to rest. It would be ironic to collapse here, within a few feet of his room, after having safely passed the patrols on the streets.

When he reached the second-floor corridor, Mignon's door was jerked open.

For an hour and a half she had stood there, keeping the door ajar half an inch, watching for him. Her anxiety had been an ordeal of anguish. When she saw him, she came running down the corridor, breathless. In the darkness she couldn't see his face. She knew something was wrong only when she caught his arm and heard him gasp and saw him reel drunkenly against the wall, his head thrown back in pain.

Mignon had the sense not to make a sound even then. Her face went colorless. She opened his door, helped him into the room. While he went to the bed, she turned the key in the lock. She shut the window. Then she switched on the dim light beside the bed. And when she saw his face in that light, she couldn't keep horror out of her eyes.

"Philip!"

He didn't yet try to speak. He sat there, head lowered and swaying a little.

Mignon, in the grip of a fear that choked her, got him out of his jacket and shirt. She worked with frantic speed. When she saw the wrapping of gauze through which a dark red stain had oozed, she stopped. It was as if, for a second, she was completely paralyzed.

"A bullet," he whispered.

She gave him a single wild look. Then her whole demeanor changed. She became as efficient, as swift of movement, as a nurse. There was a washbasin in a corner of the room. She filled it, found a few of his handkerchiefs, saturated them. From his shaving kit she took a bottle of antiseptic—nothing as strong as she would have liked, but in the circumstances the best she could get. She cleansed the wound—it was, she saw, a clean gash—and rebandaged it with strips she tore from a white shirt.

When she finished, she undressed him, put him into pajamas. He was so completely exhausted that he fell to the pillow. He lay still, eyes closed, dark hair clinging to his forehead. Mignon sat beside him, her body rigid. She held his hand and her eyes were distracted.

He tried to give her a smile of reassurance, but it was a weak and dismal attempt.

In the dim light, Mignon saw, his face was sunken and gray. As she stared at him, her mind kept crying in despair, *I love you, Philip. I love you!* . . . If she didn't ask what had happened, it was because she guessed he couldn't talk. Not now.

Perhaps he dozed; or it may have been the relaxation of lying there which restored some strength. After a while he began to tell her what had happened. He spoke huskily, in strained whispers.

"But the sets are safe," he concluded with bitter satisfaction.

She squeezed his hand. Then she urged, "Don't talk any more now. Just rest. Sleep."

He did sleep. And through what was left of the night Mignon sat beside him. Her hand held his. Once, as she stared at his haggard face, tears dribbled down her cheeks. She didn't brush them away. To move might have been to wake him.

After a time, when her brain cleared, she too began to wonder how this wound could be explained to the troupe—and to the Gestapo.

☆ PHILIP slept only until seven; a returning fire engine woke him. He groaned when he opened his eyes, but he checked the sound when he found Mignon still beside him. It surprised him to see her there, her hair disarrayed, her eyes full of anxiety.

She bent forward to whisper, "How do you feel?"

"Better," he said, though his voice was still husky. "Much better."

"You must have a doctor."

"No. They report everything to the Schutzstaffel."

"We've got to do *something* about the wound!"

"Just let it heal. The bullet tore through the flesh, that was all."

"It's deep, Philip. It looks terrible."

"It'll be all right."

She rose. "I—I'll dress it again." Halfway across the room she paused to look back at him. She hesitated before adding, "Lisa Abernathil—she knows about it."

That made him raise his head in astonishment. "How does she know?"

"She found you were out last night. She was—watching for you to come back. She missed you when you came. After you fell asleep she was here. I—talked to her."

"You told her I'd been *shot?*"

"I had to. She saw the bandages in the basin."

In silence Mignon again dressed his wound—and wondered why Lisa had wanted to remain in the room with her. . . . When she finished, she opened the window to let in sunshine and a warm breeze. Then she turned to face him.

"Can I leave you a few minutes? While I dress?"

"Of course." He smiled. "I'll be fine."

"I—I'm worried about what to tell the others. They'll ask questions—"

"Don't say anything yet; I'll try to think of something."

His eyes followed her across the room, watched her leave. She had been wonderful during the night, he reflected. She was always wonderful in moments of crisis. . . .

☆ WHEN he was alone, he wondered what Lisa would do with her knowledge that he had been shot—and could find no answer. His mind groped back to the fight around the Dornier. But he didn't want to remember that. Not yet. He drove the memory out of himself.

Looking down at his arm, he couldn't see any bulge of bandage under the pajama sleeve. Mignon had bound it well.

Philip sucked in a long breath. He felt stronger. At least he was calm and the haze was out of his brain. After a time he began to wonder if he really had to remain bedridden. Perhaps not. Perhaps he could still rely on his legs. That would be important, he mused grimly, if it became necessary to attempt an escape with Mignon.

The thought made him sit up experimentally. He did it with caution. For half a minute he sat still, feeling dizzy, his eyes closed. But the dizziness passed; and when it was gone, he thrust his feet out of the bed.

He rose slowly—and reeled. He had to catch the back of a chair. He felt as if he were out of bed for the first time in weeks. Yet it wasn't as bad as he'd anticipated. Though his knees were weak, he could force a certain firmness into them. He found he could stand without support, once he became used to being erect; and presently he walked, too. When he paused, he flexed the fingers of his left hand. They were all right. He could lift the arm a little also, though the effort hurt.

Then he heard the door open. He was facing the window, and he thought it must be Mignon. Holding on to the bedstead, he turned with a smile which would show her how much steadier he felt. But the smile stiffened in surprise. It wasn't Mignon.

Lisa Abernathil shut the door quickly, leaned back against it. Her face was as white as the sweater she wore. She was breathing hard, as if she had run. She looked at his left arm, then lifted her eyes to his.

"Philip," she began. "Philip—"

She stopped, helpless. It was as though she could find no words for the things she wanted to say—as though his very appearance left her inarticulate. Standing there in wrinkled pajamas, he was still gray of face and there was still fever in his eyes. His hair was unkempt; the need of a shave darkened the hollows of his cheeks. She had never seen him look so sick.

Philip knew he had better sit down. The coming of Lisa was a shock to his nerves, and his knees were shaky again. He started back to the bed—staggered.

Lisa reached him in two quick strides. She threw an arm around him, held him steady.

"You are so *weak*, Philip!" she whispered. "You—you should not have got up!"

She led him around the front of the bed. It was strange to feel her close against himself. Strange, yet good. For warmth and strength seemed to flow from her body into his. He looked down at her face. Her eyes rose, filled with anxiety, and he found himself searching their depths as he had that night in Geneva.

He had a crazy desire to kiss her—to crush her and forget everything that had happened or would ever happen; to forget all of life except this single moment.

He stopped. In that hoarse voice of his he said, "Lisa—"

Then his right arm tightened about her. His lips pressed down against hers. In the sudden fierceness of his embrace all his weakness seemed to vanish. The kiss swept away doubts and fears. It lifted him out of the room, out of Prague, out of the war itself. It transported him to a glorious isolation which, for a few brief seconds, nothing in the world could touch.

All Lisa's tension flowed out of her. He felt her sag against him. He felt her hands rise to his shoulders and hold him desperately, as though she would never again let him go. And Philip felt strong; invincible. His heart pounded. He could feel hers pounding, too, like an answer beating against him.

When at last she pulled herself away, she did not speak. She looked at him with a kind of hunger and yearning—as if wondering whether this could be real. Her hand rose to brush tumbled hair up from his eyes. There was something inexpressibly gentle in the movement, and possessive. She began to smile a little, in confusion.

Then she took quick refuge in realities.

"You are swaying, Philip," she said. "*Please* lie down!"

☆ HE lay down and she drew a sheet over him. His gaze went to her flaxen hair, bright with the early sunshine that streamed through the window. As she bent over him, he could see that there were weary lines under her eyes—lines that told of a sleepless night. But they couldn't mar her loveliness for him.

He turned his head on the pillow, thinking with a surge of hopelessness, *And what will happen now? In Geneva, too, I loved her. And I knew then, as I know now, there is no room for love in the lives she and I have to lead. It's all useless. . . . And there is Mignon to remember. I am responsible for Mignon's safety. . . .*

He realized Lisa was talking. She spoke hurriedly, in hushed tones: "We mustn't let any of them learn about the wound, Philip. I'm calling a man from Carlsbad. He isn't a doctor, but he'll come with a kit and he'll bring iodine and bandages and whatever else we need. He will tell Werther whatever we tell him to say. That you are sick—stomach trouble or your lungs. Anything. When you are covered like this they cannot see your arm."

Philip's brows contracted. "Who is this man you're getting?"

20 QUESTIONS

Gregory Pinquetea, famous question expert, failed to answer three questions this week—Nos. 6, 9, and 10. "On the whole," he said, "this is easy. Readers should count themselves as flunking if they fail to get more than ten right."

1—A vaudeville team, launched in the 1870s and winning world-wide fame, recently suffered the death of a member. What was his name, and what team?

2—The Capitol of the U. S. refers to what?

3—Who reigned longest over Britain? How many years?

4—Scientifically, is it true that persons with cold hands usually have warm hearts?

5—Which nation used to be known as "the sick man of Europe"?

6—Babe Ruth did what 2,036 times in baseball?

7—François Marie Arouet, French author, won fame under what name?

8—How many red stripes are there in the American flag?

9—A man had a $100 bill to pay in two installments. The second installment was $99 more than the first. How much was each installment?

10—Which is the largest state east of the Mississippi River?

11—Who was Paul Bunyan and for what was he famous?

12—Does the heart on a playing card have any resemblance to the shape of the human heart?

13—What has caused a renewed interest in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony?

14—What slogan was connected with the late Frederic J. Fisher of Detroit?

15—The government, they say, is warring against the H. C. L. What do the initials stand for?

16—Is a U. S. nickel made entirely of nickel?

17—Is it true that the darkest hour is just before dawn?

18—What happens to dry ice when it "melts"?

19—The name of what people known to every school child in the U. S. actually means "eaters of raw meat"?

20—Name the U. S. senator most recently appointed to the Supreme Court.

(Answers will be found on page 36)

"His name is Zarovel—Matej Zarovel. Carlsbad is only forty miles away. He can come in an hour. I'm going to telephone him."

Zarovel. Philip knew the name as well as Lisa herself knew it. It was one of those he had memorized in Marseilles. Matej Zarovel was a Carlsbad agent of the Ravineau forces, a passionate leader of Carlsbad's underground activities. For months he and his brother had been operating a secret short-wave station. . . .

Philip reached out of the bed for her hand.

"I think," he said, "it's time we swept away a lot of things that have been hanging between us. Why are you doing this, Lisa?"

"I want to help. I have told you from the beginning I would help. You would not believe me."

"Because I couldn't understand what you did to me in Geneva. If you were working for freedom, why did you destroy my press? That was a Gestapo act."

"I had to do it, Philip. It was my first assignment in the Gestapo. I had to win confidence. I had to succeed in something to make them trust me. I can be of great service, Philip, if I succeed in the Gestapo." She paused. "I burned the chalet because they were going to bomb it while you were in it. Believe me, it was torment to ruin your work; I hated myself. I was glad they sent me away from Geneva before I could face you again."

Holding her hand, looking into her eyes, Philip began to know a sense of relief, almost of delight. It was good to understand her. It was inspiring to realize he would not have to doubt her again. Mignon, he knew, would share his feelings.

He told her, "You know, Lisa, I too am working for Paul Ravineau." Her eyes became bright with surprise. And he felt it was time to clear away all mysteries, so he told her of Mignon, too. "That puts us all in the same camp, doesn't it?" he finished.

She gave him the sort of smile he hadn't seen since Geneva—warm and thrilling and full of hope.

"It is like waking from a bad dream," she whispered.

She rose, bent to tuck in his sheet. His lips pressed a quick kiss on her forehead, and she smiled again.

"Now," she said, "I must go telephone Zarovel."

☆ JUST before eleven o'clock Herr Werther sat down in the Vratislav's lobby to read a newspaper. Rhys, the leader of the Vlajka—the Nazi-controlled Fascist organization of Czecho-Slovakia—had made a speech, and Herr Werther was curious to read it. He had hardly adjusted his glasses, however, when he saw Lisa Abernathil coming toward him from the stairs.

Ordinarily the bald director would have appraised her figure in its white sweater and sports skirt with a glance of appreciation and he would have resumed reading. But now, because she approached him, Herr Werther folded his paper and rose.

"When I have a baby I'll be different!"

1. My kid sister's cute. Engaged exactly a month and already she's telling me how to raise my baby! "*My* baby won't be fussed over like yours," she said the other day. "*I'll* treat *my* baby like a *person*—not like a hothouse flower!"

2. "And what," I asked, "makes you think *I* treat Patsy like a hothouse flower?" "Golly," Sis answered, "look at this row of baby stuff! Special soap, special powder, special oil, and I hear you've even got a special *laxative* for that little chip!"

3. "Indeed I have a special laxative for Patsy," I retorted. "And I bet you dollars to doughnuts that *you'll* have a special laxative for *your* baby, too! I don't *spoil* Patsy, Sis. I'm bringing her up exactly as the doctor told me to!"

4. "He says a baby's system is delicate. You can't treat it like an adult's. Babies need things especially designed for them—especially the things that go into their little stomachs. *That's why they need a special laxative,* too. The *doctor* recommended Fletcher's Castoria."

5. "The doctor said I'd find Fletcher's Castoria thorough—yet it's always mild and *safe.* It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. Patsy's crazy about the taste of it, too. I'm going to give her some now. Watch."

6. Patsy took her Fletcher's Castoria like she always does... licking the spoon. Sis grinned and said, "Gee, maybe you've got something there." "You bet I have," I answered. "Patsy's *never* had a laxative problem, because she always gets Fletcher's Castoria."

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

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"Rico Bardi," she told him, "is not well."

Werther at once took off his glasses. "What is the matter?"

"I don't know. Maria Lantera told me this morning he was ill. We called a doctor. He's up there now."

Though the director was disturbed, he asked no more questions. He hastened up the steps with Lisa.

Philip lay in bed, covered by a sheet. One glance assured Herr Werther that he was sick indeed. The pallid face, the sunken eyes, the frequent coughs—these could not be mistaken. Maria Lantera stood near him, distressed. And at a table, closing his kit, was a heavy-set man of middle age whom Lisa introduced as Doktor Vecz. The doctor wore a winged collar and a double-breasted blue suit that buttoned high on his chest.

"A slight touch of grippe," he told Herr Werther. "Of course the general condition of his lungs makes it bad. I have told him he must remain in bed for several days."

Philip lent realism to the words by coughing.

Werther was dismayed. "Our troupe leaves Prague next week," he said. "Do you think he will be able to travel then, Herr Doktor?"

"In a week? I should imagine so, yes. If he takes care of himself."

Werther rubbed an uneasy hand across his chin. "It is too bad," he muttered. "I am very sorry, signore." He hesitated. "I will have great need of you next week."

"Why?" Philip asked hoarsely. "What's next week?"

"Our pianist is returning to Berlin, to become the conductor of an orchestra with another troupe. I was hoping you would be able to take his place until we can get another man."

"If I'm well enough," Philip promised, "I'll be glad to help." But he was thinking, *If I'm still free . . .*

☆ WHEN Werther and the "doctor" had left, Philip looked at the window and wondered, with a touch of bitterness, about the other men who had shared in the fighting—the wounded and the dead. If he knew anything at all about Gestapo methods, their families would be arrested. The Gestapo would demand the names of the dead men's friends, of those who had conspired with them. And refusal to tell would bring inevitable torture. . . . Philip realized, with a tightening sensation of his skin, that neither he nor any other member of the underground was secure. If a single person was tortured into making revelations—

His face hardened. There was no sense lying here in terror, he told himself. He and Mignon couldn't run away from Czecho-Slovakia. He had to wait for whatever might happen, and to wait in fear was self-torture. Better to be fatalistic.

As the day went on, every knock at the door made him hold his breath. Both Mignon and Lisa spent a great deal of time in his room, and whenever they answered such knocks, he expected to see brownshirts. . . . Actually, his visitors were other members of the troupe who came to offer sympathy.

Most of them told him about last night's great blaze at the granary; about the amazing battle which had occurred on the Cypek farm, too—all Prague was talking about that. The only one whose visit irritated Philip was Hermann Krug. And that was not until the third day of his illness. Before that Krug would not approach a room in which his throat would be exposed to grippe.

"Herr Frank," he declared, "has announced that full punishment will be given for every German who was killed the other night." Frank was the Nazi gauleiter for Czecho-Slovakia. Philip's eyes narrowed as he watched the big yellow-haired German singer. Krug, at the foot of the bed, spoke as if he were on a platform addressing an audience. "They won't be let off, these Czech murderers! You will see. Before we are through with them, there will be ten dead Czechs for every dead German!"

☆ PHILIP asked, "Have they learned who the Czechs were—those who took part in the fight?"

"Not yet; but they will. Oh, they will! They have more than half a dozen dead Czech bodies. Sooner or later the families will come to claim them. And when they do, the families will be seized. After that you will *see* something!"

Philip glanced at Mignon, at Lisa. He knew that the Czechs who had worn brownshirt uniforms had deliberately carried nothing which might identify them. And now—if he understood the spirit of the Czech underground at all—no families would come forward to claim those bodies. Nobody would stir in any way which might give the Nazis an advantage. A terrible sacrifice for the families of the dead to make, yes; yet the only intelligent, the only courageous way of carrying on the battle of freedom.

Still, there was always the knowledge that the Schutzstaffel had captured Vilem Ryn, who had been tortured into revealing the matter of the Dornier's arrival. Could Vilem be forced to yield a list of underground names, too? . . . Philip couldn't guess what Vilem Ryn might do, but he had a profound confidence in the families of the men who had been killed. They would reveal nothing.

And his faith in the spirit of the Czechs seemed justified. For four days there was no news of arrests.

In those four days Philip had ample opportunity to recuperate. Whenever visitors came, they found him in bed, under covers, with either Mignon or Lisa to serve his needs. But when there were no callers, Philip rose. He could walk about the room easily now. The wound was healing well. He could use his hand and move his arm. The only time he felt pain was when he attempted to lift the arm above shoulder level. But that, too, he was certain would soon pass.

Whenever possible, he exercised the

fingers of his left hand by drumming on a table. They were regaining their flexibility. He didn't doubt that within a few days he would again be able to play a piano.

Saturday evening he was seated on his bed, swinging his left arm from side to side, when Mignon returned from the theater. He saw at once that she had news. Her eyes were excited, her face was flushed.

"Philip," she said, "something is happening in Prague—something I can't understand!"

She was too tense to stand still. She walked the length of the room, came back again.

"Everywhere in the streets you see the letter V written in chalk—on walls, on posts, on the sidewalks. Nobody knows who did it. The letters appeared out of nowhere. And when we came to the theater this afternoon, there was a huge white V chalked on the floor of the stage!"

He couldn't help staring at her. "What does it mean?"

"I don't know. Nobody in the troupe seems to know. And that isn't all." She stopped her pacing to face him. "Until now we have played every performance to an empty house. Today—for no reason any one could explain—today the theater was full! But crowded! Every seat in the place was taken!"

"By Czechs?" Philip was incredulous.

"Yes. Only—they hardly allowed us to put on the show. They kept drowning us out with applause. And *such* applause! . . . You know the rhythmic clapping that begins when an audience is impatient?"

"Well?"

"It was like that—except that the rhythm was different. It must mean something, that rhythm! All through the show it was the same. Three light claps and then a loud one, three light claps and then a loud one. But endlessly! It was maddening. Herr Werther was furious. There were brownshirts on guard, but what could they do? You cannot prevent an audience from applauding. . . . Philip, I'll hear it in my sleep, that applause. Three light claps and then a loud one. . . .

☆ HE wondered a great deal about that demonstration. It was the next morning, however, before he discovered its meaning.

That was Sunday, and for the first time in five days Philip dressed. The very fact that he could get into clothes was a tonic to his spirits. It lent him a sense of strength. It animated Mignon, too, when she came to have breakfast with him in his room.

Lisa entered while they were eating. As always, it gave her a queer, disconcerting jolt to see Philip and Mignon together like that. Yet she crushed the reaction. Seeing Philip clothed, shaved—the Philip Layden she had known in Geneva—made a feeling of joy well up in her. She whispered, "Philip, it is good to see you like this!"

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Playwright: He says the play hasn't any "whoosh." Now what does *that* mean?

Wife: No "oomph," my crestfallen celebrity. No zip. No pep appeal. And neither has its author! *Now* maybe you'll listen to me about neglecting your *vitamins!* You've got to have them all, you know, and we're making a start right now.

Wife: Lesson number one is crisp, delicious KELLOGG'S PEP. It's extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant in ordinary diets—vitamins B_1 and D.

Playwright: Say! Why didn't you tell me PEP *tastes* so good? You've been holding out on me! Why, it's marvelous!

Playwright: (sometime later) And now, my dear, that I've discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become the world's "pep appeal" playwright. Why, Shakespeare himself would be green with envy to read the masterpiece I've started here.

Wife: You know what they say: "Where there's pep, there's hope."

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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He rose. Her beauty seemed to glow this morning. He wanted to cross the room and take her into his arms. But, because Mignon was there, he stood still, smiling. All week, in the presence of Mignon, he had known that constraint.

Then Lisa told them about the letter V. And her eyes became radiant while she spoke.

"It stands for Victory," she said. "The Czechs are writing it everywhere. To show the Germans what Czecho-Slovakia expects."

Of course he was surprised. Yet he could readily understand the psychology which prompted such an act. The V had become a symbol of national courage, of faith in the future. Like hanging out a flag.

"What about last night's applause?" he asked.

"That was the *rhythm* of V," said Lisa. "They say you heard it everywhere yesterday. Children clapping in the streets—three light claps, then a loud one. You heard it in the applause when brownshirts passed. A kind of mocking applause. That was why the theater was crowded, too. People came to drown out the German troupe with that rhythm."

Mignon was still puzzled. "What do they mean," she demanded, "by the rhythm of V?"

"In the Morse code the letter V is three dots and a dash."

They could discuss such matters freely now, all three of them, and it was stimulating. When Lisa left to go down, she had a feeling of actual elation. For here was a new demonstration in which all of Czecho-Slovakia seemed to be rising. How could the Nazis cope with it? What could they do? There was no law against clapping hands. . . .

But when Lisa reached the lobby, she abruptly halted and the elation collapsed. She caught her breath on a sense of shock.

A thick-set man in uniform was registering at the desk. He was Herr von Seidtz.

☆ WHEN he saw her, von Seidtz clicked his heels and smiled in the forced way she knew so well—a smile that emphasized the saber scar in his cheek.

"You look very well, Fräulein," he said. His glance swept over her figure. "Czecho-Slovakia appears to agree with you."

"Thank you."

He looked about the lobby. Then his voice sank to a staccato whisper. "I wish to talk with you. Come with me to my room."

As she accompanied him, her nerves were tight. She knew something serious must have happened to bring Herr von Seidtz to Prague. Her heart hammered fast. Yet her expression remained impassive.

When they were alone, Herr von Seidtz lit a cigarette. He squinted at her through the smoke.

"I am here," he said, "because of Maria Lantera and Rico Bardi." He studied the ashes of his cigarette. "Lantera and Bardi are my personal responsibility. It was I who passed on them in Bayreuth. That is why I wish to handle this matter myself."

"But what is wrong?" Lisa felt herself trembling, but her voice was calm, questioning.

Instead of replying, Herr von Seidtz opened a briefcase. From among its papers he pulled a photograph. He thrust it out to Lisa. She looked at it with eyes that became stunned.

A picture of Mignon Gaudin . . .

"That," said von Seidtz, "is a copy of one taken from a house in a village of occupied France. Turn it over."

Lisa was dazed as she looked at the reverse side. A label had been pasted to it. On the label was typewritten:

Mignon Gaudin. Assassin of Hauptmann Kurt von Wesel, Gardenois, Saône-et-Loire, France, June 5, 1941.

"She is not Maria Lantera," said von Seidtz, "and he is not Rico Bardi. I have come to arrest them both."

How can Lisa help Philip and Mignon now? If she rouses von Seidtz' suspicions her own usefulness to Ravineau will be over. Yet, can she let the man she loves be captured, even for the sake of a cause which is dearer to her than life? Drama, struggle, peril crowd next week's excitement-charged chapter!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 32

1—He was Lew Fields; the team, Weber and Fields.

2—To the edifice housing Congress. The city itself is the capital.

3—Queen Victoria, who reigned sixty-four years.

4—No. Cold hands are probably a result of nervousness and high tension.

5—Turkey.

6—He "walked" to first base, opposing pitchers preferring to hand him a "base on balls" rather than pitch to him and risk his hitting a home run.

7—Voltaire.

8—Seven.

9—The first was fifty cents; the second $99.50.

10—Georgia.

11—A legendary hero of the American lumber camps, who had the most astounding abilities in almost every direction. It was said, for instance, that he could move so fast, he could put out his candle and jump into bed and be under the covers before it was dark.

12—To a degree. The heart is long and cone-shaped and something like the conventionalized design.

13—The recurring beat in the symphony consists of four notes—three short and one long—and in Morse code three dots and a dash represent "V," British symbol for victory.

14—"Body by Fisher."

15—High Cost of Living.

16—No; it is a composition of nickel and copper.

17—No. Scientists say that once full darkness has come, it remains fairly uniform until dawn breaks.

18—When heat is applied to it, it evaporates in gas form and leaves no moisture.

19—Eskimos.

20—Former Senator James F. Byrnes.

ESCAPE FROM HELL—Continued from page 11

to fight them. We won't give in. We will collect the peasants and go to the forests. We will fight with clubs to the very end. You women will stay here. Don't leave the house. I am going back."

We stayed in the cottage for two days before we saw our first Russian. He was an ordinary muzhik, with a military cap and gun, sitting in a little wagon drawn by a little Russian horse. He passed at full gallop in front of the cottage, then came back again at full gallop, evidently to impress beholders. The peasants, believing him a friend, cheered him.

Later the same day we heard shouting. It came from a group of our own soldiers. They were dressed in a medley of uniforms and civil garments, and were sweating over some army trucks which were stuck on a side road turned by traffic into a veritable mud hole.

"We are running away," they said. "The Bolshies are shooting. They are against us and with the Germans. They hold the main roads."

We went back to the cottage and took counsel. We decided that from then on there would be no ladies among us; we would dress as peasants and like peasants work in the fields. We changed clothes at once and went to work. I was put in a potato field. Unfortunately I had never seen potatoes growing. I was a city product. I did not know what to do, but as a beginning I sat down among the potatoes and dirtied my hands and face.

It was lucky we changed our clothes, for a few hours later there descended on us a force of peasants—Ukrainians from another district. They had rifles, but their only uniform was a cap and a red arm band. They had heard from the local peasants that officers' wives lived in the cottage, so they began to search it. First of all they emptied our suitcases. There were cigarettes in them and these they seized at once. Our silk dresses they did not touch, but a candle in one of the suitcases was taken as a great prize.

"But where is your gold?" they asked. "Haven't you gold?"

We had hidden all our valuables in our trusted maid's haversack. Her they did not search nor molest, thinking she would have nothing of value. They went away, after ordering us not to leave the house. We sat there all day, but in the night we heard distant shooting and something began to patter on the wooden walls of the house. Next morning we saw that it was peppered with bullet holes. About noon the Ukrainians returned.

"Who was shooting from this house last night?" they asked.

"No one. We are only women here. We have no firearms and no ammunition. You can search the place."

They made a perfunctory search and departed, again warning us not to go out. But we had nothing to eat and we were hungry, so late in the day two of us went to a peasant woman who had sold us food, and tried to buy more bread of her. Her attitude had changed.

"Your money is worthless," she said. "Give me a gold watch and you shall have bread and milk."

We told her we had no valuables; everything had been taken. Finally she relented and gave us a piece of black bread. It was all we had to eat.

Past our cottage there now streamed a continuous procession of fugitives, mostly our own soldiers, footsore and starving. They told us the Russians held all of Tarnopol. Polish defenses had collapsed everywhere.

A week passed. Every night bullets pattered on the cottage walls. We sat huddled together in the middle for safety. The young son of the colonel was a Boy Scout and wore on his belt the Scout's hunting knife. He was caught on the road and arrested for not declaring it. He said it was part of his school uniform, but he was taken away. We never saw him again.

Days of uncertainty and continuous alarm brought us to the decision that our best move would be to get out of the cottage and into Tarnopol, even though that would bring us into direct contact with the Bolsheviks. Food had become a difficult problem. We could get no bread and but few vegetables. At a large price we succeeded in hiring a peasant's cart. Into this we loaded our few belongings and started. I was ill, so I was allowed to ride with the children and the baggage. The other women walked. We looked so poor and miserable that peasants along the road offered us bread. We accepted it gratefully.

☆ THE Russians had looted Tarnopol. There was not a match or a trinket, a lump of sugar, a bit of spare linen, or a blanket in the city. But the houses still stood and many of the inhabitants had fled. We were able to get a room in the heart of the city. It was on the ground floor and had probably been the porter's room. It had a rusty stove and pipe, no sink or water. Its dirt was unbelievable. We made mattresses out of straw which we sewed together with string. We slept on these on the floor.

By this time we were seven persons —Helen, her governess and little boy, her sister-in-law with her child and myself and my boy. The others had gone elsewhere. We spent most of our time hunting something to eat, and we were always hungry. To get a length of green wood for the stove or a piece of black bread we stood in queues for days, one of us waiting in the line while the others skirmished. I once succeeded in getting seven eggs and was hailed as a miracle worker.

We were anxious about our husbands. Mine, I knew, was in the custody of the Germans in Warsaw, but the husbands of the others had been captured by the Russians and it was possible that we could obtain news of

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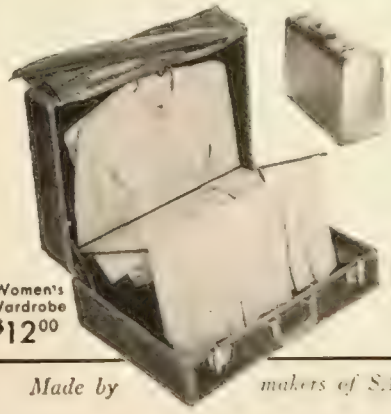

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them through the commissar in Tarnopol. He was ensconced in the mayor's house. After waiting in line for two days, we were able to see him. Since I alone spoke Russian, I went with my two friends.

The commissar sat at a table covered with papers in what had been the mayor's drawing room. He was a thickset man of about middle age with the stubby hair, round face, and high cheekbones of the typical Mongol. Into his high black boots were tucked blue trousers, and he wore a linen blouse with a red square, denoting his rank, on the collar. In his Sam Browne belt he wore an enormous pistol.

He was evidently bent on making an effort to please. He complimented me on my Russian accent. So I offered him a cigarette and asked him for a match. From a table drawer he produced two boxes.

"Please accept them with my compliments. And now tell me sincerely: What impression do we make here?" he asked. "We have instructions to be polite. We even give candy to the children."

I told him I heard people speak kindly of the Russian behavior, but said we were all anxious. I asked where were the officers, husbands of my friends. He said all the Polish officers were in a prison camp on the frontier. "But don't be afraid. They will return soon."

I said, "Can you tell me how I can leave the country and get abroad? All my family are there and I wish to join them. I have my passport and visas."

"But why should you wish to go abroad?" he asked. "There is no country so good and so prosperous as Soviet Russia and your land is now part of Russia. Anyway, we and the Germans control all of Europe. They are in Paris and in London too, I hear."

I told him I wished to go to America.

"It is quite the same thing," he replied. "They will be there too, very soon."

☆ ALL the Russians tried to tell us such stuff, not because they were ordered to do so but because they were so ignorant of the facts that they believed it themselves. It being useless to contradict a commissar, I merely continued to insist that I wanted to get out. Finally he said:

"Put down your name and address in this big book. I will make inquiries. Come back in three days."

But for the next three days I was ill with a sore throat and a severe cold and the children were also ill. The other two women meantime went to the frontier post named by the commissar as the prison camp, to get news of their husbands. On the evening of the third day he came to the house.

"Why did you not come back?" he asked.

"I am ill and the children are ill. We have no fuel. Please let us have some wood."

He looked around the miserable room. The stove was lifeless. In a corner were a few potatoes and carrots, brought from our cottage—all the food we had. The children lay on the straw without warm covering. We were all wretched.

"I will take care of it," he said.

At noon the next day a Russian soldier came with a Red Cross ambulance half filled with coal. "Better take it or it will be stolen," he said. He heaped it on the floor in a corner. Outside, the whole population of the street gathered openmouthed to watch. There was as much excitement over that coal as there might have been over the arrival of a foreign prince.

I made a fire and we were warm again. A few hours later the other women returned, chilled to the marrow. They had not been admitted to the prison camp and had learned nothing. They had found that Polish money was worthless in the entire Russian zone. Only rubles were acceptable, and we had none and no means of getting any. Some articles of use or value could be exchanged for food, but we had nothing to exchange. Wrist watches, it seemed, were especially in demand. When all the real ones were gone, the Russians had bought up the imitations, without any mechanism inside, which are sold to children for toys.

Life in Tarnopol became harder for us daily as the winter drew on. Without Russian money we could never count on getting food. Helen and I decided to go to Lwów (Lemberg) to see if our chances would be better there. To go from one town to another we had to have permits, but the commissar granted these readily, though warning me that I would find things no easier there. But in Lwów I had friends and might get information as to how to escape.

☆ WE went to the station. The train was there, quite empty. We tried to get into a car, but the door was locked. A Russian woman conductor appeared. "I am too tired to open it," she said. "Take another car." But the others were locked too. We waited as long as we dared and then went home.

The next day the train was still there. We got into a car and waited. After long hours it started. When the conductor appeared and demanded our tickets, I said we had none. She inquired why not.

"We have no money."

The woman grumbled a good deal but let us ride. The three-hour journey to Lwów took us twenty-four hours.

Lwów was in a far worse state than Tarnopol. It was crowded to the rooftops with refugees. To obtain a room was impossible. When the war had started, half the population of western Poland had fled eastward. Then the Russians appeared, closing the frontiers of their zone both eastward and westward, and all the fugitives were trapped. They fled to the larger cities, the favorite being Lwów. We saw half of Warsaw there.

The first person I encountered on leaving the station was one of the richest bankers of my acquaintance. He sat in the driving seat of a costly automobile, but he was swathed in dirty, nondescript woolen rags.

"Whatever are you doing here?" I asked.

"Waiting for my boss," he replied.

He explained that he still had money, but the Russians were sending all unemployed male Poles in their zone to Siberia. Therefore he had taken a job for security. The first one that had offered was this as a chauffeur. His rags were worn for safety as well as for warmth.

☆ MY husband had business connections in Lwów, woolen merchants whom his factory supplied. I asked them for warm stockings for my boy. They told me they would have to refuse me. My husband's credit was good; in fact, they owed him money. I could have all the money I needed but no goods. It was forbidden to sell to Poles.

I slept on the floor in the house of these friends, but the next day they got a room in the hotel for Helen and myself. The window was broken and there was no heat. My fever and sore throat returned. Another friend, Count ——, who had heard that I was in Lwów, came looking for me and found me weeping. He had been ousted from his estate with his wife and child, but they had a room. He took me to his wife and I was fed and slept in their room. The next day we went back to Tarnopol. Lwów seemed hopeless, but I now had some Russian money.

Again we women consulted. For days we discussed our future. I had made up my mind to try to escape to America; it was the only safe country. But the only exit from the Russian zone was over the mountains to Rumania or Hungary. I was resolved to make the attempt.

The others declared I was crazy. To be found in the forbidden frontier zone meant being banished to Siberia. One was almost certain to be caught, for the Ukrainian peasants on our side of the frontier zone and the Slovak peasants on the other side of the mountain were ordered, under the severest penalties, to take any stranger they encountered to the police. For each person thus turned in they received a reward of 200 rubles. Moreover, it was now November. Even in Tarnopol the cold was intense. Snow would be deep in the mountains and my friends declared that I would freeze to death.

Was escape across the Carpathians in winter hopeless? Mme. Podawicz and her little son are living proof that it was not. In Liberty next week she will tell how she managed to find a smuggler peasant who, for a high price, agreed to take her and the boy over the mountain range and past the Russian GPU stations —and how at nightfall, halfway up, he deserted them, abandoned them in bitter cold and wind-swept snow.

HOLLYWOODZAPOPPIN'

Continued from Page 27

red hair, and eighteen girls, all to Oscar Levitch's store—he needed them for the pre-Christmas rush and would pay their traveling expenses! They all arrived, the beards, the redheads, the girls, on Levitch's busiest hour—and he went crazy!

That night there was a knock on the door of our dressing room. We opened it. There, before us, on his knees, wearing a Hun helmet and waving a little white flag—was Mr. Oscar Levitch of Spokane!

Which, in all truth, is what happened when one amateur comic tried to feud with us. Perhaps the story got around. Perhaps that's why no gags have been played on us in Hollywood.

Maybe it's all just as well. The fewer practical jokes the more time to work on our picture. But we'd better not count our autographs before they're hatched. From experience we know you have to be careful about signing autographs in Hollywood. The last time we gave a sweet little girl our autographs—we got Physical Culture Magazine for eight years!

Of course we are not egotists, and we know a lot of people, who can't appreciate the higher things, have been reading novels instead of this article. So we have a treat in store for those of our readers. We are now presenting a special section for those readers—a special section culled from two original books we have written.

The first novel:

"—and they smiled at each other and, arms entwined, walked into the house together. The end."

The second novel:

"Inspector Kennedy smiled. 'And that,' he said to Jack Fairfield, 'is that!' The end."

That special section was for those of our readers who like to read the end of a book first!

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! Reports are pouring in from exhibitors on our Universal effort. The first exhibitor wires: MR. OLSEN AND MR. JOHNSON—ANYTHING YOU DO AFTER THIS WILL BE A COMEBACK STOP

Yeah? Listen. If we can't return to Hollywood—well, we can always go to Milwaukee. Sure, we used to have a very big following up in Milwaukee—but they finally caught us!

And, to make this altogether complete, we want to list the three greatest thrills we've had in our lifetime: The whistles blowing November 11, 1918, and the tingling headline, WAR IS OVER; the opening of Hellzapoppin' at the Winter Garden Theater in 1938; and *now*, the fact that we reluctantly bid adieu to the erudite pages of Liberty, sink back into our usual state of coma*, and gratefully gasp

THE END (delayed)

* Estimated.

Answer to Riddle on Page 27

The beggar was a woman! Ha!

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says **TOM HARMON**

DO YOU TAKE pride in possessions others openly admire? Then the new Elgin De Luxe watches were created for you!

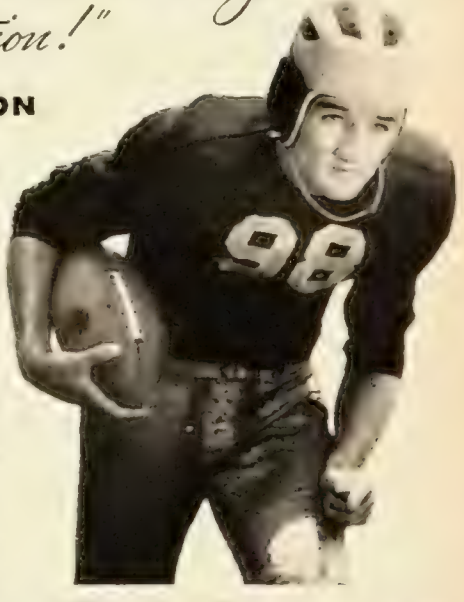
They come in a stimulating variety of new styles. Cases are natural, rosé or white gold filled—many with brilliant mirror finish. Crystals are high-curved or plain. And a number of models offer two-tone dials.

Each Elgin De Luxe has a carefully adjusted, 17-jewel movement of star-timed accuracy. It embodies Elgin's latest advances: the rustproof, non-magnetic Elginium hairspring* and Beryl-X balance.

Thoroughly American! Elgin is the world's largest-selling fine watch made in America. And today Elgin's skilled craftsmen are doing their part for defense, too. In answer to the government's call, Elgin is making precision instruments for army, navy and aviation use.

Select a beautiful Elgin De Luxe at your jeweler's. $37.50 and up. Higher in Canada. Prices subject to change without notice.

*Patent Nos. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489.



TWICE ALL-AMERICAN . . . one of the all-time "greats" of the game! Michigan's fast, versatile halfback, Tom Harmon, broke the Big Ten's scoring record which had stood for 15 years. Tom majored in English, plans to be a radio announcer. His father and grandmother have also owned Elgins.

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A Yank's-Eye View of Iceland

BY WALTER KARIG

Fortunes of war—We take an island we don't want!

Reykjavik, Iceland.

☆ "I CAN understand why we are up here," said the marine corporal I encountered hiking along the lava cliffs of Hval Fjördr. "But why do the *Icelanders* stay here? They've got boats, haven't they?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, sitting down on a rock to shake an ounce of gritty pumice dust out of each shoe.

"Well, we're up here not because *we* want Iceland or because the lime-juicers want it, but because none of us want the Germans to have it. Right?"

"Right," said I, turning up my coat collar against one of Iceland's sudden short showers of rain.

"O. K. Here we are, maybe for a few months, maybe for a couple of years. But the natives, they've been here for more than a thousand years. And look at the damn place, mister. Look at it!"

I had been looking at it. I had never seen so much scenery packed into one small space. Towering peaks, their slopes sparkling with glaciers; cliffs half a mile high; ancient volcanic craters in whose vast shallow bowls grazed flocks of strange hairy sheep and shaggy ponies. The scenery is mostly perpendicular.

I could see that, but I could also see his point. Iceland is a hard country whose handful of people toil the year around—four months of it in the almost total darkness of the long Arctic night. There are no trees, nor is the rocky, sulphurous soil hospitable to many crops. Much of Iceland's food, all its lumber, all its fuel except the peat turf the farmers burn, must be imported in trade for wool, mutton, herring, cod, and salmon.

There are pleasanter places on the globe's broad surface; but the Icelanders love their country with a fierce, defiant sort of patriotism which makes them resent the intrusion of thousands of alien soldiers, however friendly the mission. A pattern of life which has come down intact from the vikings has been abruptly changed. Warships cluster where only fishing smacks had lonesome anchorage before; squadrons of airplanes frighten the waterfowl; from the strand to far inland, great guns sulk beneath their camouflage, and thousands of young men in alien uniforms live in new villages of half-round Nissen huts. The Icelanders don't like it, but they make the best of it because they are acutely aware of the Nazi rape of their sister kingdom, Denmark.

Who holds Iceland with any real force can dominate the sea lanes of the North Atlantic. If the Germans were in possession, we would have been in a shooting war long ago and Britain would be starving or conquered. Naturally, then, the Americans and the British are not in Iceland to protect the Icelanders, but for their own self-defense. And naturally, too, the Icelanders realize the necessity of the occupation, but regret it too. Under the bargain they have made with us, for example, the United States is paying for the private property it is using and will pay the Iceland government for all damage done, while at the same time donating to the islanders all improvements we are building. At least, when the occupation is ended, Iceland will have a splendid road system and a fat bank account of American dollars. Our supply vessels pay the port and wharfage fees of regular commercial ships.

Today Reykjavik's harbor and all adjacent Faxafloy Bay is thronged with international shipping. From fighting craft and cargo carrier fly the banners of Belgium, Free France, Norway, Holland, and Poland. The Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack snap in the polar wind, but outnumbering them all is the red-crossed blue standard of Iceland, which every little herring boat flaunts.

A British officer told me that for cold-blooded, calculated fighting ferocity the Norwegians and the Poles were unmatched. On the sea or in the air, they fought with a single purpose, which was to kill as many of the ravishers of their homelands as possible.

"It was the Pole," he said, "that hamstrung the German dreadnought Bismarck. When we spotted the big Hun, the Pole was among the swarm of destroyers we sent out to make contact with the enemy. Well, what did she do but break formation—terribly bad discipline, that. We thought the Poles had funked it, but that little can swept around on the Hun's stern quarter and ran right up under his guns with the machine-gun bullets making a sieve of her superstructure. She fired a fan of torpedoes and—bingo!—smashed the Bismarck's steering assembly and knocked her starboard screws into pretzels. Then, cool as you please, the Pole comes back into line. And we finish off the Bismarck!

"The Free French fighters are the lads who show us the way in bombing occupied France. The Poles and the Norwegians man a lot of our corvettes—little bits of craft, but death to submarines. They take no prisoners. Not sporting, but you can't blame them."

The water fronts of Iceland are full of stories like that. But all one sees of the Germans is the occasional lone reconnaissance airplane, zooming out of the ever-present clouds for a quick look-see at the island and high-tailing it back to its Norway base.

How many American soldiers, sailors, and marines are in Iceland is a fact I cannot, of course, reveal. It is

A Tommy welcomes a Yank to Iceland.

a sizable force, and it is outnumbered at this writing by the British five to one. The Americans here are busy making preparations to house and feed a much larger force from the United States.

The naval contingent up here is a variable group, living on shipboard during its stay, The marines and the smaller army group have been living under canvas, but are rapidly moving into Nissen huts, built up to any length necessary from segments of corrugated iron. The standard size accommodates forty men. For warmth and dryness these "iron igloos" are built on foundations of gravel-filled oil drums. They are snug enough for anybody; but as a final protection, and also for camouflage, they are banked high on each side with turf. Splotched with dazzle paint, a community the size of a country village is invisible from the air.

You would find such communities all over Iceland, for the defense of the island must be against only one form of invasion—parachute troops. Its protection is the product of everything the Allies learned in Crete.

That distribution of the troops in separated concentrations is admirable defense against attack, but it complicates what I believe to be the greatest problem the United States authorities will have to solve when our greatly augmented occupational forces begin to cope with the long Arctic night. I mean the maintenance of morale. Everything we use in Iceland except air and water has to be imported. What the authorities will have to import next is means of recreation. Right now the men up here are working so hard that all the recreation they need is to just stop work. The Americans fraternize warmly with the British troops, and the canteens maintained by the English for their enlisted men help promote the friendship. The one exotic diversion Iceland provides is pony riding.

Reykjavik, the kingdom's capital city and metropolis, has a population of 40,000 persons, none of whom goes out of his or her way—especially *hers* —to be more than polite to the alien horde. The city has two shopping streets which can be traversed in an hour. The "souvenir" market is nil. There is no native handicraft. The shops are stocked with imported goods and the prices are tremendously high. I heard grumbling from the lads who had scoured the shops and found nothing better to prove their visit to Iceland than a picture post card (price 8¼ cents!).

There are two movies in Reykjavik, and the film fare is of the Wild West thriller type, vintage of '38. Only one newspaper is printed in English, and that consists merely of the nightly British Broadcasting Company's news broadcast.

Iceland is "dry." A native half-of-one-per-cent beer is sold for about twenty-five cents American the bottle, and it is worse than ginger ale with the bubbles taken out. One taste is enough for the American service man. Thereafter he spends his refreshment allowance in the coffee shops. At least the coffee is strong and good, the cream abundant, and the pastry rich. But you can shoot away a dollar on cream puffs and coffee in no time.

Of commercialized vice there is none, and there will be none. The Icelanders are a puritanical race. The one local hot spot is the Hotel Borg, which is state-owned and which bars all enlisted men. They are missing nothing. It is, as a hostelry, distinctly third-rate and very expensive. There is dancing at the Borg every night, but you may not sit at a table with a girl nor buy her a drink or a sandwich.

Yes, the problem of maintaining morale is going to be tough. Of course the Army and Navy are building recreation halls where there will be boxing and movies, but more than that is needed. The British advised us to send "only mature men with hobbies" to winter in Iceland; but the way our army is constituted, there ain't no such animal in American uniform.

When daylight shrinks to twenty minutes of sun on a clear day, our young men are not going to have a very pleasant time of it after working hours. I am passing along the advice a lot of them gave me: Send us shows with live women if you can, Uncle Sam; but also send us study courses, shop courses, educational facilities of the kind to keep our heads and hands busy.

THE END

"Look, Sarge! He's scuttled himself!.."

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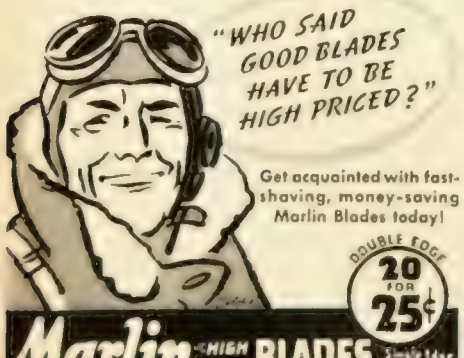
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MISS WITHIN'S ROOM—Continued from Page 13

in it. Kit lay very still, detaching herself from her own body, recreating her own youth, and youth's long, lovely thoughts. Presently she recreated Dave. Dave with the moon on his bent black head and his lips hard and sweet. Dave had come for the holidays his last year in architectural school, and they had discovered each other in one wild unguarded moment. Dave's hopes were realities then, and Kit's dreams were true, and life was an illuminated chart unrolling at their feet. They were married in Kit's mother's garden when the chrysanthemums were in bloom.

Everything went right at first. Those were the boom days. Dave won the Grouch award for the Civic Club and became fashionable. The children were born a year apart. In the third year she and Dave built the house. Dave said it was too pretentious a house to build so soon, but Dave was always conservative. You had to have the right background if you ran with the Fortunes and the Sails. Dave had queer friends, cabinetmakers and schoolteachers and a potter in the hills. Kit told him they were building for the future. So they had a guest wing and a wing for the children, and a master suite with two dressing rooms and two baths for Kit and Dave, and a three-car garage where Davey kept his bicycle now.

Kit had not imagined herself, then, ironing a hundred thousand yards of ruffled curtains for the guest wing; she had not imagined Dave pushing the mower across the two-acre lawn when he came home from the office. Dave said he was lucky to have an office to come home from. Dave was like that. They couldn't sell the house. They had to keep up appearances. They borrowed money for the taxes. The house became their future. It became their family. They couldn't afford any more children. Dave looked forty. Kit might have looked twenty-five if she'd had money enough. And now Davey wanted to give up business administration and take an architectural course. Dave encouraged it. Exactly like him. Impractical. Sitting up all night drafting character cabins, if you please.

☆ A NURSE came in and took Kit's temperature. She was the little cute one, Miss Talley; the one with the roving blue eye and the butter-colored curls and the ready, teasing mouth. She looked at the thermometer and shook it down.

"Can I bring you anything?"

"You might bring me a million dollars and a collarbone and a new life," said Kit.

"How about a book?" said Talley. "Miss Within had some lovely books: first editions and presentation copies and like that. This is one she always liked. Poetry. By Peret Tomason. There's a poem in it about fear. She liked that one."

"There's too much fear in the world," Kit said, "without reading about it."

"It's about not being afraid," Talley said. "It's like Miss Within. Sometimes I wonder if she put it in Peret Tomason's mind to write it. Miss Within got a lot of fun out of lending her books. She knew all the people on the floor, though she'd never seen them, and she'd get us to tell her about them, and she'd pick out books for them to read. She took a lot of interest in people."

"I take an interest in that woman that's been screaming all day," Kit said. "She'll drive me crazy if she keeps on. What's the matter with her, anyway?"

"That's Mrs. Kern," Talley said. "She's having a baby."

"Can't she have it quietly?"

"She had it quietly at first," Talley said. "It's a first baby, and it's slow."

"I had a first baby," Kit said. "It was slow. She might think of her husband."

"She is thinking of him," Talley said. "He was killed last week. I guess that makes it hard. Here's the poem." She laid the book on the bed and went out.

☆ KIT read the poem about fear. It was a brave poem. She had been frightened when Davey was born. The weight of the pain fell down on her and crushed her and she cried out; the sound of her own voice tore the darkness open and she saw Dave's face. Dave's face had a curious white line clear round the mouth, and she saw her pain reflected in his eyes. She held on to Dave tight to shut out the reflection and then she didn't cry any more. "It will be worth it tomorrow," she said. It was tomorrow before Davey was born. There is never but one miracle like that: a first-born son. He looked exactly like Dave. But Kitty was a lovely baby too. She couldn't bear to think of Kitty dancing with That Boy.

"Why, he hasn't even any background!" she said to Dave. That was when they quarreled. They hadn't quarreled since the night Dave stayed away from the Sails' benefit bridge to see some old fuddy-duddy. Kit always hated quarreling with Dave. She lost her temper and said things she hadn't meant.

"He's got a lot of background," Dave said. "He's got a father and a mother and three brothers and four sisters and an uncle and an aunt and a grandfather."

"That's exactly what I mean," Kit said. "All that mob. They don't even live decently."

"Decently," Dave said, "is exactly how they do live. Quietly and honestly—and proudly. Charles' father is a philosopher. His mother is a lady. The children are being brought up to look life in the face. Charles is paying his own way through college."

"And what does that get him?"

Kit said. "A chance to run with the other boys that haven't any background, and no time for athletics or the right fraternities, and getting up at five o'clock to stoke the president's furnace. Do you suppose I want a stoker for a son-in-law?"

"I'd rather have a stoker than a broker," Dave said.

That was like Dave: making light of the wrong things. Kit threw the bath towel on the floor and went into the bedroom. Dave's clothes were scattered all over it. He never used the dressing room for dressing. He had on bathrobe and slippers. His hair was damp and rowdy from the shower, and he had that look he got sometimes: boyish and wistful and eager. He put his hands on Kit's shoulders.

☆ "DAVE," Kit said before he could speak, "can't you try to understand? Here I've been through every humiliation to reach the point where I could ask Bill Fortune to Kitty's party. I've reached it. He's taking an interest. He's asked her out twice. And now you want to let That Boy come and spoil everything."

"I don't see why it should," Dave said.

"You wouldn't!" Kit said bitterly. "Here I'm having a caterer, and flowers, and an orchestra, and everything really right, and probably That Boy won't even have decent clothes. Do you suppose I want Bill Fortune to think that's the sort Kitty runs round with?"

"I'm not sure Bill Fortune is the sort I want her to run round with," Dave said.

It was one of the maddening things about Dave that he could quarrel so calmly. It gave him an unfair advantage. Kit stepped back from his touch. Dave's touch always undid her, so she couldn't collect her thoughts. "Bill Fortune has everything," she said.

"That's it," said Dave. "Bill Fortune is eight years older than Kitty, and he's always had everything. He runs with a wild crowd. He goes on crazy parties. He gets tight and drives his roadster ninety. You remember what happened to Ritchie Sail."

"That was different."

"Why?"

"That was a cheap little girl he had with him."

"Would it have been any different," Dave said, "if it had been Kitty?"

That was when Kit lost her temper. Dave had a way of saying the most preposterous things so reasonably that they sounded true. She clenched her hands behind her back so he should not see them shaking. She shifted her ground adroitly.

"And on top of that," she said, "you want to let Davey be an architect."

"Why not?" Dave said. "He has no head for business."

"I should think you'd know why not. You're an architect. What did that get us?"

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"A living," Dave answered calmly.

"And how!"

"There was a depression," he reminded her.

"And how do you know what there'll be next?"

"There's more building already."

"Shacks. Why don't you let Davey be a carpenter?"

"I would," Dave said, "if he had a talent for carpentering."

The astounding thing was that he meant it. That was what you got for marrying a man like Dave. Kit held herself from screaming at him by an effort almost purely physical.

"Among other things," she said, "we can't afford it. An architectural course is long and expensive. And we've got to do something right away about Kitty's riding lessons."

"Maybe we can do both," Dave said. "I was just going to mention this. Why not rent the guest wing?"

Kit cried out at him then. She felt her face go stiff with fury, and her eyes were too big for her face. She found herself shouting.

"That will be fine!" she cried. "That will be just dandy! After all I've gone through, ironing curtains, and sponging the rugs with ammonia, and keeping up appearances, and now you want to rent the guest wing. Tenants stamping up the stairs under Mrs. Fortune's nose, and hanging laundry out the windows, and heating soup on the kitchen stove, and fixing it so the children can't ask their friends here. Pretty soon we won't have any friends. You don't realize the importance of contacts. Going off to see some old fuddy-duddy the night of the Sails' bridge."

"She wasn't an old fuddy-duddy," Dave said. "She was a great lady."

"She was a great nuisance. I spent the whole evening apologizing for your not being with me."

"At that," said Dave, "I had to apologize for your not being with me." He added: "Seems to me Judge Fortune wasn't at the Sails' that night either."

"Judge Fortune," said Kit with dignity, "had important business."

"So had I," said Dave.

☆ "BUSINESS!" said Kit. "Showing some old fuddy-duddy a picture of a character cabin. And now renting the guest wing. I suppose the next thing you'll be wanting me to take boarders."

"Your mother took boarders," Dave said.

"And your father painted portraits. So what?"

"So he painted portraits," said Dave. "But your mother made money. I thought it was money you wanted."

Dave always turned things right round so they didn't make sense. "I do want money," Kit said. "But I want it some decent way. I don't understand you, Dave. I should think you'd want the children to have things. The things we never had. The amenities. We started with nothing. And now you want to let the children start with nothing too."

"We started with love," Dave said slowly.

"And what happened to it?"

"Nothing happened to mine," Dave said. He was white, with a line around his mouth, and there was a red smear across the whiteness, as if he had been struck. He said: "You're a stubborn, unreasonable, obstinate, pig-headed, darling Kit, and I love you just the same." He reached out and caught her by the wrist. For an instant she felt the hardness of his body against hers. Then she wrenched herself free. It wasn't fair. You couldn't help loving Dave in spite of everything. She whirled away from him and ran out of the room. Her eyes were blind with angry tears. That was when she fell over the dust mop at the head of the stairs.

☆ DR. RALEIGH came in and took Kit's blood pressure. Miss Wedge was with him. Wedge was a thin dark girl, with straight bangs drawing a line between straight brows and the straight edge of her cap. She wasn't a pretty girl. Her eyes were too big and her mouth was too steady, as if she held it that way on purpose. She stood a little behind Dr. Raleigh, watching him with a humble, adoring look. Kit couldn't see much about him to adore. He certainly was not one for looks. A big man, gaunt rather, with irregular features, a deep voice, a brusque manner, and impersonally gentle hands.

"That's fine," he said with professional heartiness. "You'll be out of here in no time." You'd think a broken collarbone was just nothing.

"It doesn't matter whether I'm out or not," said Kit tartly, "if I can't do anything."

"I suppose you hate to leave," said Dr. Raleigh with professional good humor, "because you've got Miss Within's quilt." He picked up the edge of the pink quilt and stood looking down at it. "We don't use it much," he said. "But we put it on for a day or two when a patient first comes in. If she's low in her mind it cheers her up."

"It doesn't cheer me up," said Kit. "I think it looks tacky."

"They had a party to tack it," Dr. Raleigh said. "Do you remember, Miss Wedge?"

"Yes, Dr. Raleigh," said Miss Wedge. Her eyes were worshiping and her lips were prim.

Dr. Raleigh said, "Miss Within was a teacher. There are twenty-two hundred and twenty pieces in this quilt, and they are all scraps of her pupils' dresses and blouses. She could remember all of them, and it was like looking over the family album." He bent, searching the crazy field of print. He pointed out a flowered muslin. "This was Ellie Dupree's first dancing dress," he said. "This belonged to Wylie Cobalt, and this was Jo Joeson's, and this was Thomas Cratchet Waterfield's."

"And this was Peret Tomason's first trousers!" cried Miss Wedge, and snatched back her pointing finger,

and turned crimson, and jerked herself erect.

"That's right," Dr. Raleigh said. "Nice fellow. I met him at Miss Within's birthday party."

"But all those people are famous," Kit said. "Dancers, and artists, and statesmen."

"She had a lot of famous people in her classes," Dr. Raleigh said. "Maybe that was what made them famous.'

Kit was puzzled. A teacher. Somehow it didn't fit with the great lady she had imagined. "Where did she teach?" she said, interested in spite of herself. "Some big private school?"

"She taught in the city grade schools," Dr. Raleigh said. "Good night. I hope you'll sleep well."

"I won't sleep well," said Kit. All this talk about a schoolteacher. And not even sick, at that; giving parties and carrying on. Kit was tired of the whole subject and her collarbone hurt.

"I'll send you a pink capsule," said Dr. Raleigh, "to match the quilt."

Kit took the pink capsule. They washed her face and rubbed her back and turned down the light and opened the window and left her alone. There was a small sighing wind outside. The curtains blew in the wind and set tall shadows swaying, and the twisted tree swayed with them. Kit lay in the shadow of the twisted tree. Presently she dozed. It would be easier now, she thought, to talk to Dave. It was always easier at night, because their minds came closer together with the closeness of their bodies, and the clutter of daylight was cleared away. She could make Dave understand now. She put out her hand for Dave. Dave wasn't there.

☆ KIT came broad awake with an imminent sense of loss. The hospital rose about her. The tree went back into the frame and the shadows into the curtains. Outside the room the small night noises of a hospital took form. The screams had died down to a tired sobbing. Somewhere a door opened and closed quickly. A stretcher passed with the soft unmistakable turn of rubber wheels on rubber floor. A nurse hurried by, footless, a disembodied rattle of starch. The sweetish smell of ether crept into the room. You'd think they might be quiet, nights, and let a person sleep. It was queer Dave hadn't come again this evening. Quite a coincidence, his bringing pink chrysanthemums. They matched the room.

Kit did not go to sleep again. After a while she began to think about Miss Within. It made her furious, because she didn't understand it at all. She rang her bell.

Wedge answered. "Yes?" she said.

"Shut the door," said Kit. "I can smell ether. A fine time of night to scent up the whole place with ether so nobody can sleep."

"Mrs. Kern is in the delivery room," said Wedge. "They're going to take the baby." She lifted Kit expertly, and turned the pillow, and

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gave her a drink of water from the tube, and turned to go.

"What was Miss Within like?" Kit asked abruptly.

Wedge came back. She stood at the foot of the bed. It was as if the light had suddenly been turned up. "She was like herself," she said. "There wasn't anybody else like Miss Within."

"Did she go back to teaching?" Kit asked.

"I suppose she couldn't ever stop teaching," Wedge said slowly. "But she retired before she came here."

"Retired!" Kit said. "Then she was old."

"She was young," Wedge said.

"How young?"

☆ "SEVENTY," said Wedge. "Tullah Eden flew from Hollywood for the birthday party, and Senator Wick had a special train from Washington, and there wasn't a parking space anywhere. There was more champagne than you ever saw and a cake as big as a house."

"Well!" said Kit. Wedge made a move to leave and Kit said quickly, "What did Miss Within look like?"

"She was beautiful," Wedge said. "She was thin. She was like a parchment stretched tight over a spirit and the spirit looked out of her eyes. Her eyes were dark and brave. That's the best I can say it." She added painstakingly: "They cut her hair, and cutting it made it curl, and that amused her because she'd never had curls before."

"It isn't fair," Kit said, "for some people to have so much when others have so little."

"It seems so sometimes," Wedge said. "I guess the more you give away the more you have. Like Miss Within."

"Give!" Kit said. "The way it looks to me, she was the one that was always getting things."

"She gave a lot of things too," Wedge said. "She still does."

"I guess she could afford to."

"Yes," Wedge said.

"That's pretty easy," Kit said, "if you've got plenty. But what did she ever do?"

Wedge looked past her. There was a queer young maturity in her plain face, as if she touched appraisingly a distant wisdom, too large, too polished, for her grasp. She turned back with an abrupt, an awkward gesture. "I'll tell you what she did for me," she said. "I never told any one. Only once. But you don't like Miss Within, so I'll tell you." She paused, breathing hard through her nose like one in unexpected pain. "I made a mistake," she said. "I was giving the medication, and I was thinking about something else, and I gave Miss Within the wrong medicine. It might have killed her, but she didn't tell anybody. She said you had to make a mistake to learn not to make mistakes."

"Oh," said Kit.

"You know Miss Johns," Wedge said. "I'll tell you what she did for her. Johns is the best nurse there is. Her family didn't want her to be a nurse. They're rich. They wanted her to be a debutante. Miss Within had her folks here and talked to them. She told them Johns had a real talent for nursing. She told them it wasn't so much what you did as what you tried to do. She told them if God gave you a real talent and you didn't use it, it was like doing it up in a napkin. That's in the Bible," said Wedge primly.

"Oh," said Kit.

"You know Miss Talley," Wedge said. "I'll tell you what she did for her. Talley's awfully popular. She was running round with Ritchie Sail. Ritchie Sail's stepfather was here one time, getting sobered up, and Talley specialed him, and that's how she met Ritchie. She was going to Hog Wallow with him the night Miss Within asked her to stay on. It wasn't like Miss Within to ask it; it wasn't much like Talley to do it, either, but she did. Ritchie Sail took a waitress from the Four Horsemen instead. That was the night the accident was. They brought the girl here. It took her a week to die. Talley specialed her. It was kind of hard on Talley. You see, it might have been her."

"It might have been Kitty," Kit said.

"Talley's name is Elizabeth," Wedge said. She straightened herself with a curious air of putting her uniform back on. "I must go. My supper hour is over."

"You mean you spent your supper hour talking to me?" Kit said.

"Yes," said Wedge. She moved toward the door. She stopped again. "I told *him*," she said—"Dr. Raleigh—what I told you. I didn't feel honest not to. I thought he would fire me, but he didn't. He understood how it was. Dr. Raleigh," said Wedge loudly, "is a real person. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Kit.

☆ WEDGE went on, as if there was a connection: "I used to wonder sometimes why Miss Within never married. Once she told me she loved a man that didn't love her back. I guess it was hard at first, but afterward she said she was glad. She said some were born to love a lot of people instead of one. She said if you loved one enough it taught you how."

Wedge stood, staring past Kit, and she seemed very young to be reaching so hard for the far-off difficult wisdom of age. Kit knew then that Wedge loved Dr. Raleigh, and that Dr. Raleigh did not even know she existed. To him she was a uniform and a light hand and a watchful eye and a voice; he would use her to his own purposes, not even perceiving his use, and by his using she would be brightened and polished and quickened to a perfection of achievement she would never otherwise have reached. Suddenly Kit saw that the girl was beautiful. There was a glow in the plain features. The eyes were dark and brave.

"It must be a fine experience," she said, "to work for a man like Dr. Raleigh."

"Yes," said Wedge. "Can I get you anything?"

"No, I'm very comfortable," said Kit.

Kit was not very comfortable. It wasn't her shoulder that hurt so much as her mind. She was seeing Kitty riding to Hog Wallow, the roadster doing ninety. Ritchie Sail had driven through the guard rail at the bridge. She heard the scream of brakes, the crash of metal and wood and chains.

Kit was glad when there were footsteps. Dr. Raleigh came in. "Hello," he said absently. He sat down, leaning forward on the arms of the chair. He had long fine hands. He looked at Kit and through her and beyond, and out the window at the moon behind the pine. It gave Kit an odd sensation of not being there at all.

"You're tired," she said impulsively. It wasn't what she meant to say.

"Yes," said Dr. Raleigh. As if the sound of his own admission roused him, he came back out of the moon and looked at Kit, and saw her. He smiled. He looked nice when he smiled. Human. "Hello!" he said again, smiling. "You startled me. You sounded like Miss Within."

"Did I?" Kit said. She felt oddly complimented.

"She was the only one who ever noticed," Dr. Raleigh explained. "I got the habit of coming in when I was discouraged. That's why I came in tonight."

☆ KIT picked the astonishing word out of his speech. "Discouraged?" she echoed. "Why?" And suddenly she knew, and said, "Mrs. Kern?"

"The baby was stillborn," Dr. Raleigh said. He sat looking down at his hands, as if he blamed them for what had happened.

"I didn't know doctors minded," Kit said.

He did not answer her directly. "Miss Within used to say if you used all the judgment God gave you, God wouldn't find fault with you for not using any more." He looked up from his hands. "Babies are so little," he said apologetically. "And Mrs. Kern won't have any more."

Davey had been so little that time he had pneumonia. Kit had stood beside his crib all night when she thought he was going to die, and all day, and all the next night. "He's so little," she kept saying to Dave. Dave had stood beside her. He stood like a rock, unmoving. His voice was steady and natural and his hand was firm. Kit had used Dave's courage for her own. Mrs. Kern didn't have any Dave. Dr. Raleigh's voice cut across her thought. "I'm sorry I disturbed you. I saw the light and came in without thinking. Miss Within always turned the light on when the pain was bad, so she could see the tree."

"Pain?" Kit repeated. She had not thought of Miss Within in pain.

"It was bad toward the end," Dr. Raleigh said.

"The end?" Kit repeated in bewilderment. "Did she die?"

"She was dying when she came," Dr. Raleigh said. "I thought you knew."

Kit's whole picture of Miss Within fell apart and came together in a new pattern, like a turned kaleidoscope. "But everybody talks about her as if she were alive," she said.

He nodded, understanding. "Yes," he said. "She died the night of her birthday party. It was too much for her, of course. I still think it was good judgment to let her have it. Somehow it seemed the perfect close." He added slowly, "I think it was the only thing she was afraid of: that she should live too long—until she wore out her courage and her dignity and her spirit and her pride. It never would have happened. It was as if her spirit and her body were separate things, so that her spirit could stand aside, untouchable, and what happened to her body could not too much concern it. . . . You never met her, did you?"

"No," said Kit.

"It was a pity," said Dr. Raleigh, "that you couldn't come to the party. Every one was disappointed not to meet David Lavin's wife."

"Dave . . ." Kit began. And stopped. Dave was David Lavin. Dave had been at the party. She might have been there. She might have met Wylie Cobalt and Ellie Dupree. They wanted to meet her because she was David Lavin's wife. She saw Dr. Raleigh looking at her oddly, and said, "I was very sorry that it happened the way it did."

"It was too bad," Dr. Raleigh said. "They were all so interested in Dave Lavin's pictures."

"Pictures?" said Kit.

"Plans. The character cabin, I believe he called it. Has it gone through?"

"Gone through?" Kit repeated. And caught herself and said, "It's still pending."

☆ "OF course those things take time. But Senator Wick was optimistic about the government's using it in the reconstruction areas. Miss Within was very proud. But of course I don't need to tell you this."

"I'm proud of Dave, too," Kit said defensively. Dave had known Miss Within. He had been to school with her. Maybe a piece of Dave's blouse was right here in the quilt. "Dave always said Miss Within was a great lady," she added, without meaning to say it aloud. "And she was rich besides."

"Yes," said Dr. Raleigh. "She only had her pension, but she was rich."

"But Miss Johns said she endowed this room."

"She did endow it," Dr. Raleigh said. He stood up. "I must go. I must see Mrs. Kern."

The kaleidoscope was whirling, and pieces of Kit's life and Dave's, and the values of things, were whirling with it. It would take a long time to put the pattern together again.

"Please take my flowers to Mrs. Kern," Kit said confusedly. "Dave brought them. Dave will bring me some more."

☆ DAVE came the next day at five. He couldn't come before because he had had to go to Washington to see Senator Wick. Kit parted her hair and drew it smooth behind her ears and turned up the ends. It made her look young.

"Dave," she cried, "I've got Miss Within's room!"

"Yes," said Dave. "I wanted you to have it. It's a nice room, isn't it?"

Kit had meant to ask about Senator Wick the first thing. Now, suddenly, it didn't seem important, the way the trip came out. The important thing was Dave, keeping on and doing things, and not being discouraged in the face of discouragement. There would be time to say that later when she could say it right. There were other things she had to say now.

"Dave," she said, "I'm going home. A broken collarbone isn't an illness. Tell Kitty not to put off the party and be sure to ask Charles. We'll have the radio, and sandwiches and punch, and you can get just loads and loads of chrysanthemums, like at our wedding. Thank you for the flowers, Dave. I gave them to Mrs. Kern. You don't mind, do you? Mrs. Kern lost her baby and her husband got killed. Oh, *Dave!*"

"Don't get excited," Dave said.

"I am excited," Kit said. "We'll rent the guest wing and pay the hospital bill. Why can't we rent your dressing room too? You never use it. Kitty doesn't need riding lessons; she needs to learn to cook. Davey ought to have some tutoring before he begins his architectural course. I always knew he had talent. Tell Forsythia to do up the lace tablecloth and not get points on the corners, and bake the sandwich bread in the round tins. Oh, Dave, we can make things come out right yet, if we do it together. You'll help me, won't you, Dave?"

"Why, Kit," Dave said, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter now you're here," Kit said. "I woke up and I put out my hand and you were gone. I was so frightened. I thought I'd lost you. The way I've lost so many other things. Oh, Dave, you knew Miss Within. And I might have known her too. And now it's too late."

"It isn't too late," Dave said. "It isn't too late—for anything."

Dave bent down. Behind the crooked pine the sun was setting. The light was bright on Dave's bent black head, and the shadows were long on his cheeks. The tired lines fell out of his face, and the apology, and Dave was—Dave. Dave kissed her. Dave's lips were hard and sweet. Kit put her good arm round Dave's neck. She held him so tight that one arm was almost as good as two. Dave held her tighter than that. Dave kissed her again. When Dave kissed her, Kit knew that it wasn't too late—for anything. That was what you got for marrying a man like Dave.

THE END

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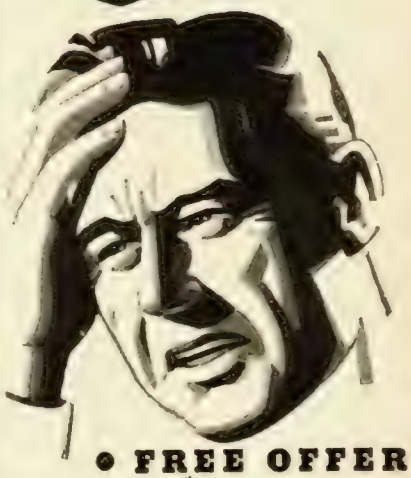

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THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR PLANTS A STORY

Continued from Page 15

reading: "Official quarters in Washington are convinced that the United States does not dare to become embroiled with Japan because of a shortage of merchant ships necessary to accompany our fleet as supply vessels, fuel ships, hospital ships, repair ships, etc." Such a wording would make any reader believe that "official quarters" meant American official circles.

I wrote the article just that way, submitted it to the editors of the New York Times with explanations as to its source; and of course it was not published. What a fine job of baneful propaganda the Japanese Ambassador would have accomplished had he been able to secure anonymous publication of a news item tending to shake the confidence of the American public in the efficiency of our fleet!

☆ JAPANESE propaganda efforts in this country are just as widespread and just as dangerous to our unity of thought and action as their espionage activities are to our defense program. Wily attempts at propaganda, like those of Suma and Nomura, have been going on for a long time. They are going on today.

Many of the unofficial Nazi and Fascist and Communist propaganda agents have been indicted and tried, fined or jailed. But the Japanese are not so easily reached, for most of their propaganda activities are directed from or paid for by their embassy or consular officials who enjoy diplomatic immunity.

In 1931-32 the Japanese spent much money trying to win the approval of the American public for their invasion of Manchuria. In the summer of 1937, and for a considerable time thereafter, the Japanese government wasted enormous sums by retaining publicity organizations to try to appease the American public after their attacks upon Peking, Tientsin, and Shanghai, their bombings of Chinese cities and the rape of Nanking.

For considerably more than a decade it has been an annual custom for either the Japanese Foreign Office or some Japanese cultural institution to invite groups of a score or more of teachers, students, and even hard-boiled newspapermen to tour Japan, Manchuria, and sometimes parts of China. In some cases all expenses were paid and even free hotel accommodations were provided in Japanese-controlled territories. In other cases half-fare or one-third-fare tickets were sold on Japanese steamship lines and railways, and reduced hotel rates were assured. Of course the American guests came home with strong pro-Japanese leanings. They were overwhelmed with hospitality and overladen with gifts. They were shown only the most attractive places in beautiful Japan; they saw nothing of the slums of Tokyo and Osaka, learned nothing of the bitter poverty of the peasants. In Korea and in Manchuria they were shown the fine new railways, flood-control projects, reforestation areas, hospitals, schools. They were not told that higher education was banned for the millions of native inhabitants, or that Japanese corporations held monopolies on all kinds of business that yielded real profit. And in China the Japanese guides and mentors showed the visitors only those phases of life and development which cast discredit on the Chinese.

Another form of propaganda is the subsidizing of what are ostensibly high-class magazines published in English in the Far East—usually in Shanghai. Some of them, magnificently printed, do not carry enough advertising to pay for the postage; others, cheaply printed, can be identified at a glance by the fact that all of their advertisements are those of Japanese banks, steamship lines, and business firms. Copies of these magazines are sent free to a carefully compiled "sucker list" in this country.

These Japanese activities have long been under the careful scrutiny of the United States government. Now that we have deported German and Italian agents and consular officials who were abusing the privileges accorded by the hospitality of this country, the next dangerous group obviously due for ousting are the Japanese.

☆ IT is accurately known that official and unofficial Japanese in this country gather all the information obtainable about the United States defense projects, about our shipments to Britain, to China, to Soviet Russia, and to the Netherlands East Indies. Much of this information the Japanese want for the use of their war clique in Tokyo, but all of it that would be of interest to the Nazi High Command gets to Berlin in short order.

Japanese spies are not only busy around our army camps, navy yards, shipbuilding establishments, airplane, tank, and munition factories; they gather information about every British ship that limps into our harbors for repairs and about every vessel that leaves these shores for Britain. The same dangerous situation exists in Honolulu and in Manila, and in most of the large Hawaiian and Philippine islands. At Singapore and at Rangoon there are still functioning Japanese consular establishments, and so there are in many of the important seaports of the Netherlands East Indies, of Australia, and of New Zealand.

When this country closes Japanese propaganda and spy headquarters here, British Malaya, Burma, the East Indies, Australia, and New Zealand will quickly follow suit, just as they did when Washington "froze" all Japanese credits and assets here.

THE END

Pictures you ought to see

By Howard Barnes

HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
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★ ★ ★ THE FEMININE TOUCH

That green-eyed monster, jealousy, has the fattest role in this comedy of marriage mix-ups. He takes a licking for a while as one is shown a serenely happy couple. Before the story spins to an ending, though, old green-eyes is in there driving all the principals a little daffy. It's an amusing idea, cleverly written and staged. The fun runs from satire to straight slapstick and it rarely misses fire.

Obviously a movie such as this stands or falls on its acting. The Feminine Touch is blessed with delightful performances. Rosalind Russell, who is as comical as she is comely, gives a brilliant portrayal of the lady who is miffed no end by the academic calm of her husband. Whether it's pantomime or the deft delivery of a line, she never misses a trick. Miss Russell learned acting the hard way, trouping in stock and on Broadway before she became a film star. For my money she's as fine a comedienne as you'll find on the screen.

The surprising job in The Feminine Touch is that of Don Ameche, as the professor who fondly thinks he's conquered jealousy. I never thought much of him as an actor, but he is first-rate in a difficult role here. His scenes with Ros Russell are always human and amusing. In a slapdash climax, he is even good at broad clowning. Kay Francis has a part right up her alley as a dynamic assistant to a wacky publisher, and Van Heflin contributes an original and breezy performance as the latter.

The acting is excellent. But no player can get to first base without good material. This M-G-M production has more than a little first-rate subject matter. Based on an original, which is the way I like to see movies conceived, it has funny situations, bright lines, and fairly acute characterizations. Starting rather slowly, with the hero rebelling against giving a moronic football player a passing grade, it moves swiftly into the hullabaloo of New York literary circles and winds up in an uproarious finish at an Adirondacks camp. The authors have cooked up some captivating sequences in their script, which could only have been presented in a movie.

The veteran W. S. Van Dyke II, who now has the title of major, has done a deft job of directing a slight theme. Perhaps you remember his staging of San Francisco or The Thin Man. In this instance he has contrived to add a few spectacular touches to what is essentially a domestic comedy. He has even dipped into fantasy with a funny dream sequence in which the wife imagines that her husband knocks down every male who gives her the glad eye. The Feminine Touch is not another Thin Man, but it's a pleasant comedy about what can happen to a married couple.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★ ★ ★ SMILIN' THROUGH

All the ingredients of a handsome and sentimental romance are present again in this remake of a twenty-year-old show. For one thing, it has the popular Jeanette MacDonald playing a dual role and singing on the side. For another, it has her real-life husband, Gene Raymond, playing opposite her. Moreover, the show's been decked out in technicolor and staged with sentimental extravagance by Frank Borzage, the arch-sentimentalist among Hollywood directors.

In spite of all these virtues, the show strikes me as being on the creaking side. There have been several screenings of the post-World War stage hit in the past. The one I remember best was that in which Norma Shearer, Fredric March, and Leslie Howard appeared, about ten years ago. It had genuine emotional power as well as sentimental appeal. Perhaps, in this second World War, the theme cannot help dating badly. In any case, I think it does. There is something remote and a bit phony about Smilin' Through today, for all of its handsome front.

When it gives you a catch in the throat, there's no missing it. But most of the time it looks like the period piece it is. Maybe you remember the story. It has to do with an English lass who falls head over heels in love with an American fighting for the British during the 1914-18 holocaust. In a series of flashbacks, Miss MacDonald and Gene Raymond double in a tragic romance of an earlier era, which has embittered the former's uncle and keeps the lovers apart. Not until the gallant Yank comes back wounded from Flanders and tries self-sacrificially to bow out of the picture, does the uncle come around and call bygones bygones.

There's drama in this theme. The trouble is that the conventions of sentimental romance change fast, and those in Smilin' Through are a bit moss-covered. When Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin first wrote the play in 1919, it packed plenty of dramatic dynamite. Even when Norma Shearer played it on the screen, it still had charm and a touching quality. Now it leans toward arrant bathos.

The players are not any great help to the proceedings. Miss MacDonald's red hair is effective in technicolor and her voice keeps the show from looking quite as rusty as it is, but she has a hard time making either of her roles really convincing. Raymond (he's switched from platinum hair to being a redhead too) is perfectly straightforward. All his acting lacks is real passion. Brian Aherne plays the uncle of Kathleen with somber intensity and the rest of the cast is adequate to the demands of the show. My hunch is that Smilin' Through was behind the eight ball before it got into production. At best, it's a mildly entertaining sentimental romance.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Little Foxes, The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane.

★★★½—All That Money Can Buy, Hold Back the Dawn, The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman!

★★★—International Squadron, Navy Blues, Lydia, Dive Bomber, Nothing but the Truth, Life Begins for Andy Hardy, Charley's Aunt, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Wild Geese Calling, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Go.d, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

READING I'VE LIKED, by Clifton Fadiman.

If you keep up with the Literary Joneses' chatter about the best sellers, or listen to Information Please, you'll want to read this anthology of Fadiman's enthusiasms during a distinguished career as editor and critic. Unlike the two Woollcott Readers, the pieces, long and short, serious and funny, are the product of the last twenty years. Selections bear the editor's comments and there's a long informal prologue you'll enjoy. (Simon & Schuster.)

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BREATH OF LIFE—Continued from Page 20

ago. He saw the little Treat boy, a sturdy, happy-go-lucky youngster, brown scratched legs and brown determined face. Mamie said:

"Bill's thinking of marrying again."

"Do I know her?"

"No. Rose Lambert. New people; they took the old Tilton farm. Bill's mother-in-law is ill. She likes Rose, picked her out for him. Not that he's gotten over Lily. He's queer about the boy, too, Ron. . . . Does everything for him, of course; no one could complain. But there's something wrong, something missing. I can't explain."

"He still holds the resentment?" asked Ron, unastonished. "It sometimes happens. And it's too bad."

He tried, haltingly, to talk to Bill about it, sitting in the tenant-house parlor the evening after Mat's funeral, after the boy had gone to bed. He said, "Swell kid of yours, Bill."

"Oh, sure," said Bill; "he's all right."

You didn't get anywhere that way. He tried again, searching for the right words. Bill let him search. Looked at him hard, after a time.

"I know what you're trying to get at, doc," he told him. "It's no use. I never look at him that I don't see Lily."

Ron felt a sharp exasperation, and a sharper pity. He said, "Other men's wives have died, Bill; and their greatest comfort has been in the children they—"

"This was different," interrupted Bill. "She—never knew. She wasn't his mother, not for a minute. She was dead, wasn't she?" He jerked his head. "Grandma's ailing," he said. "Wants I should get married again. Afraid she'll die and leave the boy. Maybe I will. There's a girl. I like her all right—she's not too young and— But we won't have any kids."

That was that. You did what you had to, what was right, ethical, and consistent with your beliefs and your professional oath . . . and what happened? A little boy grew up on a farm, and his father was sickened by him. . . .

"Ron," said Lydia, and erupted into the room, "in heaven's name, what are you doing? The people are beginning to come."

He shook himself like a dog, and followed her downstairs.

☆ THE anniversary dinner was very gay. Aunt Sammy was stupendous in—of all things on a hot night—black velvet and pearls. The dining room opened on the flagged terrace, and the long table was cool with crystal and silver, early roses, all white, in silver bowls, tall candles flickering.

Amabell Jarvis sat at Ron's right. She was a pretty, febrile woman, red-headed, lean as a whip. Her smooth tinted face was twenty-five only, and her hands were forty. She wore very little extremely well. Her back and neck and breast, her long thin arms were copper-colored, and she had immense startling brown eyes.

She said, "I've heard about you . . ."

"Good, I hope."

"Not altogether. It is said that you neglect your wife." She regarded him critically. "Which is stupid," she added. "Lydia's not the type—no Penelope, Lydia." She laughed, and it sounded like ice tinkling. "Yet, on the other hand," she remarked . . .

"What?"

"Never mind. I didn't know," she said, "that you were so good-looking. I hear you aren't available socially. How does one go about engaging you—professionally?"

He said gently, "I'm an obstetrician."

"It could be managed," she murmured; "but—"

Aunt Sammy on his left spoke to him, and he turned gratefully.

☆ AFTER cocktails on the terrace, champagne. Lydia raised her glass. She was rather like the wine, he thought—dry, heady, golden, sparkling, restless. She said gaily, "I don't often indulge, but as this is our anniversary—"

"Lucky man," said Timothy Wilson, looking down the table at Ron. Wilson was dark and heavy, with a swarthy face under astonishingly white hair and dark eyes beneath black brows. . . . "You don't appreciate your good fortune."

"Timothy," murmured Amabell, "is very smitten. Or don't you heed the gypsy's warning?"

Ron roused himself. This idiotic give and take, this senseless type of conversation. . . ! He said, "I expect every man to be smitten with my wife."

Dinner. Coffee and liqueurs on the terrace. The exodus, late, to the club. Music and people and lights. It was very late when they reached home, and Ron knocked on Lydia's door and went in.

She was at her dressing table, brushing her hair. He stood a moment looking at her. . . . Nothing lovelier than a woman brushing her hair, some one had said, hadn't he? The pure line from armpit to wrist, the lifted breast, the slow sweep of the brush.

Nothing lovelier? He remembered the Cinalli girl, one of his clinic patients, lying in the ward, as he came in, her head bent, the child at her breast. He thought of the women who came to his office, heavy and distorted, but with that expression in their eyes—that expression you cannot define: hope and patience and a waiting radiance.

"Wasn't it a lovely party?" She swung around on the padded bench and smiled at him, yawned like a kitten. "I'm so sleepy," she complained. "By the way, you made an enormous hit with Amabell. What did you think of her?"

"Very attractive," he said briefly.

He sat down beside her and took the brush from her hand.

"I haven't had a moment alone with you," he said.

"Whose fault is it? If you would stay—"

"Lydia, I can't."

She patted his cheek. She said, "I know. I'm not cross, really. Perhaps next week-end. . . And I'll come up, middle of the week, for the day. We'll dine together . . ."

"You'll stay in town?"

"Not in this heat," she said. "You know what it does to me. I can drive down after dinner."

"Lydia . . ."

Four years. He had been all he had hoped to be; he had been patient and gentle and forbearing. And nothing had changed. She said, with her arms around him, that she loved him. Perhaps she did. Over and over she had said it—if less frequently in the last year. But he had never been able to overcome the reluctance, the cool, still remoteness. Lydia surrendered nothing of herself, gave nothing.

Lydia yawned again. She said, "Kiss me, darling, and run along. I'm dead . . ."

When he left in the morning, she was asleep. He had his swim very early, and then breakfast with his father-in-law. The house guests were of the ring-for-your-tray variety. Then he went upstairs and very softly into Lydia's room.

She slept heavily, almost as if drugged. He did not go too near, fearing to waken her. There was a curious faint odor in the room, despite the open windows . . . He sensed it, and it disturbed him vaguely. It was sweet and clinging—some new perfume, he thought. Lydia liked perfume and collected it.

She wore a little black mask over her eyes to shut out the morning light. The shades were drawn, and the salt air fluttered them and crept in underneath. Sunlight danced through. Ron stood at some distance from the bed. Her face in repose was blank under the mask. All individuality had gone from it. Her mouth looked swollen and her breathing was heavy.

He went nearer quietly, saw the glass on the night table, and picked it up. After a moment he set it down again . . . and went cautiously away.

All the way back to New York his mind grappled with this new, this utterly horrifying thought.

But Lydia rarely drank. A glass of champagne the night before, that was all.

Before they were married, Ron remembered, he had felt that she drank too much. Not that she was ever—no, of course not; merely a little high-keyed, high-pitched, excitable. But because he hadn't liked it she had stopped. She rarely accepted a cocktail, a social highball. Now and then she said, "Ron doesn't like me to."

He had expostulated on several occasions. "But I didn't mean that you should wear the white badge," he said; "I merely thought—"

She shrugged. "You know me," she'd said. "The whole hog or nothing."

A headache perhaps? Aspirin and a small shot of whisky? Or she hadn't been able to sleep?

If there had ever been anything—surely Allen would have known and spoken of it to him. I'm imagining things, he told himself, just because I go into her room and find her sleeping too heavily, with a glass beside her that has contained whisky.

Nevertheless, he thought, when she came to town he would speak to her about it.

When toward the middle of the week she came to town, he had forgotten—as Mrs. Thomas, despite his every effort to save her, had died.

Every effort had been made. Every effort was not enough. Allen had driven up from the island at an irrational rate of speed. Afterward Ron remembered most vividly Jenny's eyes—and Allen's. They had been alike in their expression of pity and affection for him.

Much later, he sat in his office, with Allen across from him, and went over and over, in every detail, his handling of the case.

Allen said finally, "Stop it, Ron; you're wearing yourself out. This was an utterly unforeseen complication—"

Ron said restlessly, "I didn't like the way things were going. I brought her into the hospital, where she could be watched."

Allen said, "You'll have to forget it."

HEAD-WORK WINS D GAME

"FUZZY" scored on the field, but he couldn't "score" with Betty. Constant water-soaking left his hair dry, wild, unruly. Kreml could keep his hair *neatly* groomed, remove loose dandruff scales, relieve that itchy scalp.

"SLICKER" completed three passes, yet Betty completely passed him up. The unsightly goo he plasters on his hair clogs vital scalp pores, gives him a "gigolo" look. Kreml would leave his hair lustrous, soft, *and* greaseless.

"CURLY" shines in the backfield . . . but so does the top of his head. Too much water and grease "threw his hair for a loss." Kreml — when used in time — checks excessive falling hair, helps maintain a proper oil balance.

THE WINNER! He doesn't make many touchdowns, but his Kreml-groomed hair "goes over" big with Betty. The daily use of Kreml and massage brings out the *natural* best in hair. Let Kreml put *your* hair on the "winning side."

Ladies! Kreml keeps coiffures lovely, lustrous. Conditions your hair both *before* and *after* permanents.

Hair-care combination: Kreml Hair Tonic *and* gentle Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. *Get BOTH at your favorite drug counter.*

DON'T USE WATER *USE*

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

"How do you go about that?" asked Ron after a few moments. "I don't forget failures."

Allen said after a minute, "When I was an interne I was sent out on the bus to deliver a child in a tenement. The patient wasn't one of our clinic cases; I'd never seen her before. A neighbor called the hospital, and I was on service. When I got to the place, up the rickety stairs smelling of cabbage and poverty, I found something that not one experienced obstetrician in a thousand finds over a long period of practice. Locked twins. I tried to remember all I knew, in theory. I made an attempt to displace the second child upward, and failed. So I did what I had to do—I sacrificed the first child and prepared to deliver the second. But the second child was already dead. I went back to the hospital, and I swore to myself that when my interneship was over I would never deliver another child. I would go in for general medicine. I would specialize in nose and throat—I would do cancer research. Anything but *that.*" He smiled faintly. "Well," he said, "I didn't keep my oath, did I?"

"No—but you haven't forgotten."

Allen rose. He said, "Judging by your calendar, you could, with impunity, take a few days off. Come down to the island."

Ron shook his head. "I'd rather not. I don't fit in, in my present humor. There's enough routine work here to keep me busy."

"Lydia's coming up tomorrow," said his father-in-law. "I suggest you dine out, get tickets for a play."

"All right," Ron said dully.

☆ LYDIA blew into his office, fresh as a breeze, fragrant as wind blowing over a rose garden. She waved the competent Misses Watson aside and perched herself on his desk. She asked, "Any time free—for me?"

He looked at her, and looking remembered the morning after his anniversary. Surely there had been nothing alarming. Her eyes were clear and bright as she smiled at him.

"Dinner," he suggested, "theater?"

"Wonderful!"

"And you'll stay in?"

"I can't, darling. I've promised Tim and Amabell to golf tomorrow."

"But surely you can break—"

She said, "I love driving down at night by myself—dark empty roads, and the stars—"

He said, "I don't like it. You drive too fast."

"Silly—"

"I worry about you, Lydia."

"One would never dream it. Shall we see if Jenny can go with us?"

"No," he said firmly; "I want you to myself."

"Poor Jenny, she hasn't much fun. I phoned her last night. She's off today and lunching with me. . . . Sure you won't join us?"

He didn't want to see Jenny. She was too closely connected with the weight on his heart, the troubled searching of his mind, going over every detail of the Thomas case, trying to find a blind spot—

He shook his head.

"Dinner, then," she said. "Somewhere cool and gay—Waldorf Roof, perhaps? I'll get seats for something."

She slid off the desk, kissed him, and was gone. A little later that morning she sat in a city garden gay with umbrellas and green tables, facing Jenny.

"I wanted you to dine and see a play with us tonight," she said. "But Ron—" She shrugged. "Sorry, my dear."

If she were trying to hurt Jenny—and why should she?—she did not succeed. "I understand," said Jenny quickly.

"Which is more than I do."

"You underestimate your own charms," Jenny told her, with her faint slow smile. "He's tired. He doesn't want to be reminded of Lister on a free evening."

"It's something more, isn't it? Of course he never tells me anything."

"He lost a case."

"Oh, that. Dad said something. But why should—"

"He doesn't lose one often," said Jenny, "and when he does he's sunk. . . . He'd taken every precaution, but—"

"Spare me the details," begged Lydia. "Ron's a fool to take things to heart the way he does."

"He can't help that."

"He could help a lot of things. I never see him, really. When I accept an invitation for us, it's on the understanding that he may not show up at all or may have to leave in the middle of things. It's distracting, Jenny. Ever since we were married he's promised me that if there were a lull he'd go away with me—turn things over to Jim Foster if they were out of dad's present province. But no! He hasn't had a vacation since we were married. A year ago last spring he joined me at the Richards' in Tyron, and flew back after two days. Some silly woman in a panic."

Jenny remembered the case. Not a silly woman and not a panic, but every sympton of toxemia.

She said consolingly, "He had every reason to return. I know it isn't easy for you."

☆ "YOU don't know anything about it! Besides, you're on his side. Doctors and nurses stick together. The way those girls watchdog him at the office! Tweedledum and Tweedledee. They regard me with disapproval. Even when I phone, one or the other drips lemonade at me over the wire: 'Yes, of course, Mrs. Lewis. Dr. Lewis is busy just now. Shall I have him call you?' It's maddening. Ron should have married a nurse. You, for choice."

"That's crazy," said Jenny calmly.

"Why? You understand him, you think he's gold, you've always doted on him."

"I'm fond of him," said Jenny heatedly, "but—"

"Don't go all stiff and high-hat on me," said Lydia, laughing. "You always idealized Ron. If you had to live with him, however—"

Jenny's heart skipped a beat. She was exceedingly annoyed with herself. She said, "You're talking nonsense."

Lydia grinned. She said, "Jenny, I've seen you frequently during the past few years. You don't always approve of me, but you do conceal it nicely. I feel—free with you. I don't have to be on my guard. You rest me. I like you. And I'm not liking you a bit less because I suggest that the reason you aren't marrying Ward Aylmer or that nice Brown boy you brought to dinner last winter is because of Ron—"

"That," said Jenny, "is ridiculous and entirely uncalled-for."

She thought, in sudden, blinding fear: It isn't true—it can't be! She even prayed, childishly. She prayed, "God, don't let it be true!"

"O. K.," said Lydia. "I was merely suggesting that Ron married the wrong woman."

"He married," said Jenny, "the woman with whom he was in love."

"He has a curious way of showing it," Lydia said. "And I'm *bored.* What's the use of being married if you rarely see your husband, and if, when you do, he's too tired to be even moderately amusing?"

☆ JENNY said hesitantly, "Lydia, if you and Ron had a—"

"Jenny Barton," said Lydia with venom, "if you are going to suggest that I have a child to relieve my boredom, I'll scream—I'll throw things. It's Ron's prescription for whatever is the matter with any woman, and for four years now it's been his prescription for me."

"He loves children," said Jenny slowly. "You've never seen him in the hospital—with the babies, I mean—have you?"

"No, and I'd rather not. My cousin—Aunt Sammy's ewe lamb—came on from Chicago with her two last winter, and we went to Aunt Sammy's for dinner, and Ron was absolutely besotted. Of course one of them *does* look a little like me—personally, I think she's a shade cross-eyed, but—"

The captain came over. He asked, "Are you enjoying your luncheon, Mrs. Lewis?"

"Very much—but there was too much salt in the Madrilene—"

He was stricken. He said, "I'm sorry." He lingered. "A liqueur, perhaps, with your coffee? It is too warm for a house special, I presume; I noticed you didn't—"

"House special?" repeated Lydia, lifting her eyebrows. "What's that? A new cocktail?"

The captain looked amazed. He said, "But you always prefer—"

"It sounds interesting," said Lydia. "No, no liqueur, thank you."

He went away feeling as if some one had hit him on the head with a large hammer. Mrs. Lewis often came here alone—and he was certain that the bartender had mixed her as many as

three house specials before luncheon and that she had put them away without turning a single golden hair.

When he had gone, Lydia said carelessly, "Obvious, isn't it, the way they try to lead you to drink? Jenny, you haven't forgotten I expect you down for September. . . . Don't look like that, as if you were mustering any old excuse. You know you don't want to go home."

Jenny had no home, not since Dr. Barton had died. She could go to her mother and her aunt in Cooperstown, but she didn't want to. One of the girls had suggested that they take a cruise together. Pete Brown wanted her to stay in town—Ward Aylmer, too. She said, "Lydia, it's sweet of you—"

"I won't have any excuses! You must come. You work like a fool. You must take a rest. Perhaps you can persuade Ron to take a few days off at the same time. You have more influence with him than I."

☆ A MAN came up, threading his way between the gay umbrellas, and Lydia shrieked. "Tim," she said, "what brings you to town?"

"As if you didn't know! May I sit down?" His dark eyes regarded Jenny with interest.

Lydia made them known to each other. Jenny sat back and drank her coffee and listened to their stenographic conversation, which was entirely without meaning for her until Wilson said, "I came up on business —very stuffy train. Are you staying in tonight, my sweet?"

"No; I'm driving down after the theater."

"Good," he said. "May I thumb a ride, darling?"

She was instantly animated. She said, "I'd love it. . . . Where shall I pick you up?"

"At the club," said Wilson. "About —elevenish?"

He went off to his own table where two men were waiting for him, and Lydia, meeting Jenny's eye, shrugged.

"Well," she said defiantly, "I have to be amused, don't I? I didn't marry Ron to retire into a corner, with a lace cap and my knitting. It isn't serious," she added, smiling. "His sister's a very good friend of mine. . . . You'll meet her in September."

Jenny thought, Not if I can help it. Of course I won't go—why should I? I'd just be in the way.

Lydia said coaxingly, "Don't look so severe. I want you, Jenny. . . . I rely on you."

Good old Jenny! Jenny thought. Nice dog Tray. . . . I believe she means that. But why, in heaven's name? It seemed utterly fantastic to her that Ron Lewis' wife should rely on her.

"All right," she said; "I'll come."

Is Lydia really drinking in secret? And is she interested in Tim Wilson? Unhappy surprises, scenes, bewilderment await Jenny in next week's eye-opening chapter of this moving, human, and revealing novel.

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This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

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READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ BEING an Army wife, I know how fair and square Army families are treated by the government. Prior to the expansion, living quarters were plentiful for enlisted men of the first three grades, as well as for commissioned officers. These quarters, though not at all swanky or luxurious, are modern in every respect and furnished with living-room suites, stoves, refrigerators, etc. Now that so many men hold rank enough to rate such accommodations, many have to rent in towns nearest their respective posts. In such cases the War Department allows commutation of quarters, varying in accordance with rank. In the past the amount allowed an enlisted man was $22.50 per month. Since the cost of living has increased the allowance has been raised to $34.50.

Army pay is not great but the privileges are many. Moving from "pillar to post," as service people are so accustomed to doing, the government has our furniture crated for us, transportation paid on such, uncrated upon arrival at our new station, and transportation for families is paid also. Dependents receive hospitalization and expert dental care. Foods of the dry staple type are sold through the big commissaries at low cost. A widow draws a monthly pension for herself and each child and, with the exception of quarters, has the same privileges as does a wife.

There are unpleasant rules and regulations in the Army, of course. But for every one you dislike there are a dozen you do like.

To make a long story short, the majority of Army wives think the service is great. Publish this if it isn't too crudely written . . . it is straight from the heart.

Mrs. V. E., Mountain View, Calif.

Even though your letter *were* "crudely written," which it isn't, what counts is that it's straight from your heart. And it carries a message that many new Army wives (and their husbands) will be glad to receive.

To settle a bet, will you please tell us whether Army men have to salute Marine Corps officers?

Pvt. S. T., Fort Custer, Mich.

Military courtesy requires enlisted men of the armed forces to salute commissioned officers of the armed forces, whether Army, Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard. While we're on this subject let me quote a letter which has just reached me from a recruit at Camp Wolters, Texas: "At the induction center when the oath was administered and they said I was now a soldier I still didn't feel like a soldier. When we arrived at camp and received uniforms and equipment I looked like a soldier but did not feel like one. Then, a short time later, I approached an officer and gave my first salute; as he returned it I realized for the first time that I *was* a soldier—and I got a thrill."

I'm not satisfied with being just a buck private in the Air Corps. My dad had a commission in the last war and I want to follow in his footsteps. I tried for the Flying Cadets and passed all of the physical requirements except color perception. The flight surgeon found I could distinguish colors but not shades of colors, so I was permanently disqualified. Somewhere I read that the Air Corps wants color-blind men as observers because they can distinguish camouflage. Is that true?

Pvt. G. H. G., Maxwell Field, Ala.

You are entitled to a physical recheck for the purpose of determining whether your disability is permanent or transitory; but that would seem to be a waste of time for you, since the flight surgeon gave you a permanent disqualification. You must have seen the same report I did about the ability of the color-blind to detect camouflage. Well, apparently there's nothing in it. The Air Corps says: "According to the Medical Division, the idea that a color-blind person can detect camouflage is based upon an erroneous assumption. Because of this the Air Corps is not interested in the color-blind." So you're out of luck and if you want to work for a commission you'd better transfer and try some other arm of service.

I have been detailed on permanent special duty and have tried several times to transfer into a line outfit, but each time my commanding officer has disapproved my requests. Would it be permissible for me to try to obtain a transfer from a higher authority?

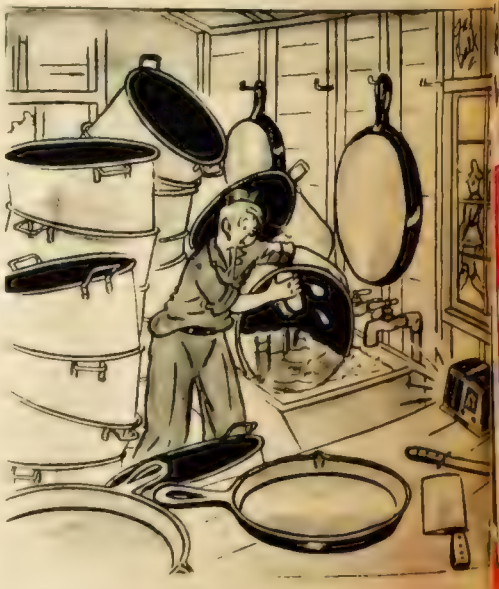
Pfc. K. T. K., Fort Monroe, Va.

For your own interests it would be highly inadvisable. Perhaps your C. O. will change his mind eventually, or you might get a new C. O. But don't cook your own goose by trying to go over his head.

There is no doubt but what your column in Liberty is War Department inspired. All of your repartees are so worded as to place a stigma of "lack of understanding" or "you can't take it," etc., upon those who have sufficient intelligence to voice criticism on the abuse of authority and the discriminatory customs within the United States armed services. The oppressor has always insisted that the oppressed don't understand or can't take it. That, of course, is true, and is the reason the oppressed victims show resistance to abuse. Evidently the social caste in our services "can't take it" when their autocratic customs meet opposition. Therefore, and in view of your general attitude in these matters, that "Old Sarge" counsel sounds definitely like the work of a Morale Bureau of the Army Intelligence Division within the War Department.

J. N., CY., U. S. N. R., Annapolis, Md.

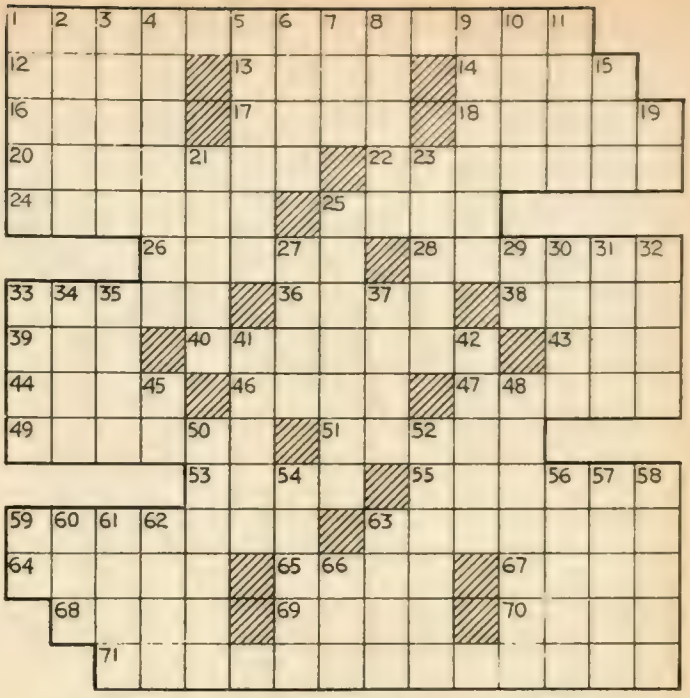
It rather tickles my funny bone to have a *Naval* reservist accuse me of being inspired by the *War* Department. Except for the simple statement you are 100 per cent wrong. I prefer to let the page speak for itself . . . especially the fact that I've printed your letter.



"Attention, please! Do you have dishpan hands . . .?"

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Only things Hitler'll let Mussolini stick his nose into
12 Bouquet de Cooking Cabbage
13 A Nazi bath
14 General Mud's chief aide
16 Attachment for beating rugs, frying eggs, and having babies (fem.)
17 This descendeth like the ungentle rain from heaven
18 Ex-Wall St. patron St.
20 Perspired
22 These are run by a lot of old cows and jerks with pull and make money for a lot of dumb squirts
24 Collaborates, as a vichyated husband with a dictator wife
25 What husbands never do enough
26 What they don't do well in Germany now
28 All he wants is peace: a peace of this and a peace of that
33 The only thing Il Duce can get a rise out of
36 Source of veritas
38 What chorus girls come by
39 Prominent thing in Bette Davis' features
40 Plugs for big brewers
43 What most drivers get all balled up on
44 Where Hitler'd enjoy spending Christmas
46 Very poor handouts
47 Dictators in ermine
49 What to do to stay out of drafts
51 Walt Disney's best writer
53 He who does is due for a fall
55 Doughvilles; headquarters of tanning industry
59 Freight-train's papoose
63 This mug's always being framed and hung around the house to gather flyspecks
64 Let
65 General state of a pin
67 Ready for the garbage collector
68 Those in Brooklyn, or what bosses who buzz after lunch do
69 Lord Chesterfield's wooden leg
70 Leaping Russian river
71 Heavenly parking place of the Angel of Death

VERTICAL

1 Conducive to removing shoes and inhibitions and swearing at the wife
2 Grandfather of a wisecrack
3 Spots before a conductor's eyes
4 Women in the public eye will continue to be seen in these
5 Barnum's exit for suckers
6 Many families pick a lovely spot in this and spend Sundays in their cars
7 It's the very dernier from Paree
8 Hollywood Hopper
9 It's skinny and the dream of all women
10 The sex that gets your entire pay check, time, and attention
11 Barrani
15 'Tis unaffirmed i' Scotland
19 Hissed razzberry
21 Trials of a judge
23 Brooklynese, gutter gutteral, slanguage
25 A woman's mind, the weather, and why Slow signs infuriate drivers
27 Good for Goebbels
29 Rubber Baloney (abbr.)
30 Kind of physics professors take
31 Say fancily
32 Hissolationist (pl.)
33 If Hitler wins, this'll be on the appeasers
34 This must be heaven, now that all cops have left
35 Victim in the Garden Murder Case
37 First thing the bugler blows
41 Barber polls
42 Boid that brings the baby
45 I/II of XI
48 It makes turnovers
50 I expect the fall of this next April
52 Socks
54 What the Captain Kidded around with
56 If you're a this, you're in for laughs
57 She's Dunne a lot in the movies
58 Family Sunday home
59 Cockeyed Addicts (abbr.)
60 Old old
61 What a pretty gal looks like to a guy without his glasses
62 Mucky muck
63 What cockeyed glaziers' dotters give me in the neck
66 Wolf the wiands

S	L	I	M		H	E	R	O	N		M	A	R	S
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A	P	E	■	A	M	E	N	■	T	H	E	■	E	R	E
D	E	D	U	C	E	S	■	S	O	L	E	■	A	N	E	W
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P	A	R	E	D	■	P	E	A	R	■	I	S	O	G	E	N
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Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ "WE learned to cook in Lisbon —waiting for the boat." Among refugee newcomers I hear that remark made frequently by Polish, Dutch, French, Belgian, and Scandinavian women of vanished affluence—society women who never set foot in a kitchen before the Axis invaders put them out of fortune and home. While they waited at Lisbon for a ship to America, their funds dwindled dangerously as they paid cutthroat rates at crowded hotels. Wise wives rented Portuguese bungalows and adventured in housekeeping. They're smart, enterprising, well educated. They learned fast. By the time they secured passage to this country they had become skilled, economical cooks. Now settled here, some of them dish up the swellest meals I've tasted in a long time. Their culinary knowledge is extremely international, since they swapped recipes in all languages with other refugee ladies they met during their Lisbon interim. . . . The wife of a former Polish millionaire shipping magnate gave me a vivid word picture of Lisbon today: "In Lisbon," she said, "you now see Europe's finest furs and precious stones. An elegantly dressed woman may stop you on the street and offer to sell you the furs and diamonds she's wearing. She needs quick cash for boat money. Portuguese lawyers and doctors pick up the best bargains. Their wives are ablaze nowadays with what they call *transit* jewels."

☆ HERE'S a delicious *Lisbon Chop-and-Sausage Casserole* introduced to me by one of the refugee gourmets: . . . Lightly fry 6 lamb chops in 2 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons lard. Salt and pepper the chops and place in fireproof dish. In same oil and lard brown ¾ pound diced frying ham and 1 chopped onion. When onion browns, add 4 chopped tomatoes, salt, pepper, 1 clove garlic. Let simmer 10 minutes, then pour over chops; cover the casserole; cook 30 minutes in hot oven. Just before serving put in 6 fried sausages.

☆ SOMEHOW my contacts this week have been mostly with girls of exotic travels. In her Park Avenue office, surrounded by savage spears, jungle drums, and wild-animal heads, I talked with perennially popular Osa Johnson, whose African books and movies continue in demand year after year. Now she yearns to go exploring again, but can't because of the war. Once she brought a native named Terangozi to this country for a few months. When he went home he took along thirty-eight blinding Harlem neckties, a dozen champagne glasses, an electric toaster, a woolly snow suit for his little boy. Osa has since heard that in his Swahili village, surrounded by *his* trophies, Terangozi yearns to return to the U. S. A. So, except for the difference of destination, her yearning and his are the same. . . . I asked if she'd care to explore South America or the Arctic. "No," she replied. "With me, it's Africa or nothing. If I can't go to Africa I'll stay home doing new books and films about Africa—and baking bread." At her apartment she sometimes bakes as many as fifteen loaves; gives nearly all of them away to friends—including New York pigeons who fly in through the window to feast on crumbs off her kitchen table.

☆ *NEW and nice on the hostess-gift market:* Watchlike bottle of perfume in miniature grandfather clock. A real watch fits in when the perfume's gone. (About $1.) . . . Road map of entire United States on rollers in handy container. ($1.50 to $3.50.) . . . Spode Winston Churchill Galloway jug, bearing his picture and excerpts from his speeches. (Around $5.)

☆ A DIPLOMAT'S wife tells me this true story of the Shah of Persia—or Iran, as it's been renamed. Riza Shah Pahlevi is proud to have reached the throne after starting his career as a plain army private. At a diplomatic tea he drew the lady's notice to a sentry box in front of her husband's legation. "I've stood post in that box," said Riza Pahlevi. "It was the plum of our garrison jobs, and I got it, so I must have been a good soldier." The lady said yes, and the sentry box seems about ready to tumble down—but just look how the *sentry* has flourished!

☆ DO you chip in with a few friendly neighbors to buy rather expensive books on gardening or household decoration? It's a good arrangement. A new book worth sharing that way is Margaret O. Goldsmith's Designs for Outdoor Living. All about planning porches, sun decks, terraces, swim pools, etc. (Published by George W. Stewart, New York, $3.75.)

☆ IN the room of a bright young mouse, as Pal Joey would classify her, I saw a boy's photo inscribed with his name and phone number in a distant town, and in red ink, "$34.85." Asked the mouse why the bookkeeping. "To teach myself sense," said she. "I spent thirty-four eighty-five calling him up before I decided to brush him off. Never fall for a man too far from home unless you're serious. The telephone company's bills always mean what *they* say!"

"It must be awful, Henry, to have to spend one's life in captivity."

WHY SOUTH AMERICA FEARS US

Continued from Page 22

principles. They know he was on the point of returning in disgust, but unfortunately stayed and allowed himself to be persuaded into a compromise which has now ended in disaster. They understand why the people of the United States, who endorsed the ideals he took to Europe with him, rejected root and branch the shabby substitute he brought home.

But in view of these memories, they would like to know what we think we are doing now, what it is that we ask them to join us in. Did we reject the peace treaty and the League through distrust of secret diplomacy? Does any citizen of the United States know precisely to what, or to what degree, his government and Great Britain are committing him? If we don't know where we are going, on what ground do we invite our neighbors to come along?

There is a vigorous legend in South America, doubtless encouraged now by Nazi agents, that England and the United States have joined forces to control the Western Hemisphere, to change the customs of the Latin peoples, to drive out the Catholic Church and to put Protestantism in its place. Most of us would dismiss such a yarn with a laugh, yet when we visit South America we understand how plausible it can seem. If our policy to all appearances is dictated as much in London as in Washington, and if Washington seems ready to dictate the policy of South America, then the intention to set up an Anglo-Saxon dictatorship is hard to deny. Especially since one of our senators, doubtless made vocal by midsummer blood pressures, said he was tired of showing good will, and we ought to move down on South America and take possession of it by force. The gentleman seems to be acquainted neither with the desires of his constituents nor with South American geography. I nominate him a committee of one to take possession of the Amazon River.

As to religion, we in the United States, or some religious bodies among us, make us all liable to serious misinterpretations. Perhaps we can't even claim that the interpretations are incorrect. Some religious groups undoubtedly hope to convert South America from its traditional and solidly based Catholic faith to another form of Christianity. North Americans are maintaining missionaries in Argentina, for example. The attempt is ridiculous, and it is so obviously a failure that the Catholics can afford to ignore it, but it must be irritating to them, and in view of the legend of our predatory ambitions, it is embarrassing to North Americans.

This missionary effort is in particularly bad taste because Argentina is a country of remarkable tolerance. Catholicism is its religion, but it permits the members of any other faith to worship with entire freedom. Many Protestant groups from England or the United States have settled in the country and maintain their churches and meeting places. Excellent schools have been established in Argentina by some religious groups in the United States, and they give rise to no criticism, since their purpose is not to proselyte but to afford American educational opportunities for children of American parents. They are under the inspection of the Argentine authorities, they give instruction in Spanish as well as in English, and the majority of their pupils now come from Argentine families, almost invariably Catholic. It is not at them that criticism is leveled.

☆ BUT nothing can be said for the missionary who, in the small villages as well as in Buenos Aires, is trying with misapplied zeal to undermine the Catholic faith. It is a work of pure destruction, and I who say so am not a Catholic. Our government has no control over the religious enterprises of any group of us, but Argentina does not understand that. We are all of us apparently connected somehow with a plot to spread the empire of Anglo-Saxondom and Protestantism.

I hope the English-speaking peoples will get closer together. I wish the inhabitants of the British Isles would pick up their belongings and move over to Canada. By belongings I mean the Houses of Parliament and Oxford and Cambridge and Canterbury Cathedral and Westminster Abbey and whatever else they would rather not leave behind. The buildings could be taken down, shipped, and put up again at a price far, far less than the cost of defending them in this and future wars.

With so many English-speaking people in one quarter of the globe democracy would be easy to defend, and there'd be little disagreement about the kind of democracy, since the British, when they have traveled, are grand folk. I'd like the Scots to come, of course, and the Welsh and the Irish. But if the Irish still refuse to travel with the English, I'd let them stay and argue with the Germans. I'm for a free world, where a man may be saved if he will, or perish, according to his taste.

And I hope the Western Hemisphere will be a united family of democracies, with a carefully cherished balance between the Anglo-Saxon tradition and the Latin, both enriched by what other strains contribute. In the past, Anglo-Saxon civilization has been at its best when stimulated and inspired by France and Spain and Italy. But every country on this side of the ocean has a heritage the others need. Our salvation will be to know and respect our neighbors, to cultivate in public, as well as in private affairs, sincerity, charity, and good manners, and to share gladly what, after all, is ours only in trust.

THE END

Parkay Margarine is praised everywhere as a perfect table spread. It adds flavor—delicate, refreshing flavor—to rolls, toast, bread. Parkay is also a wonderful flavor-shortening—and makes pan-fried foods taste better.

There's lots of nourishment, too, in this new margarine created by Kraft. Parkay is an excellent energy food and a reliable year 'round source of Vitamin A 9,000 units (U.S.P. XI) per pound.

Made by the makers of MIRACLE WHIP *Salad Dressing*

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

When a girl thinks a man an inadequate poodle and finds him a desperate Donald Duck . . Well!

BY ROY LOPEZ

"The heat has not got me. I insist on making it plain that you're a jerk."

☆ EDGAR SETON was amazed. He was not amazed at the heat wave, or even the way Mary Ann tossed her head disdainfully when she passed him on the street. He was amazed at himself.

Because Edgar was in the process of discovering that he was a man of valor.

That was new stuff for Edgar. Entirely new stuff. For Edgar had spent the better part of his life being pushed around. Buck Jordan, for example, had amused himself all through his childhood days by chasing Edgar down alleys and over fences. So had Jed Boyle, for that matter; and even Mike Dolan, when Mike took the trouble to notice him at all.

But Buck was the worst. He had always been the worst. And even now, when they were both grown, Buck was still making life miserable for Edgar by scornfully taking Mary Ann away from him. That was bad. That was worse than being chased down alleys.

Edgar had often thought of risking physical combat with the ubiquitous and obnoxious Buck Jordan, but that never seemed very sensible, because Edgar conceded that such an enterprise would merely result in the more or less total destruction of one Edgar Seton. There was no particular reason why it should mean that, because Edgar, muscularly speaking, was not a bad specimen at all. But somehow he could never dig up enough confidence in his physical self to make his mental self co-operate.

That's why his present transformation was such a strange and drastic affair. It was the direct result of a conversation with Jim Dalton's old man, over at Jim's garage.

"Trouble with the world today is, we're gettin' too dang sissified," Pop had reflected, propping his chair back against the wall. "That's progress for you. Softens a man up so he ain't fit to look a chaw of tobacker in the face."

"Perhaps you're right," Edgar said. He liked to talk to Pop because Pop was the one person in town who didn't make cracks about him.

"Now, back when I first come out," Pop continued, "this here was a man's town. There was so much shooting at night they had to pass a law saying if you wanted to kill a man after sundown you'd have to hang him, so you wouldn't wake nobody up. And you know who one of the toughest hombres in the whole crowd was, Edgar? Your own grandpappy. Old Rotgut Seton himself."

"No!" Edgar said.

"Yes, sir. Course, old Rotgut was just a weakling compared to your great-uncle. They called him Boneyard Seton. Spent all his time cleanin' out hoss thieves. He used to drop a pebble in the crick every time he killed one, and after a while he had a dam so big they built a power plant to go with it."

"And—those men were related to me?"

"Darn tootin' they was, son. That Seton blood is inside of you, and Seton blood don't set quiet very long. Ask your Aunt Martha, when you go home, about the time old Hangnoose Seton tore his way out of the coal mine when it caved in on him. You've heard about Hangnoose, haven't you? Why—"

Edgar departed. He wanted to think.

This was a revelation of catastrophic proportions. It seemed incredible that he himself was descended from such men as these.

Edgar began to ponder his own case. Obviously, if his ancestors were men

of iron, they must have been howling in their graves every time Buck Jordan or Jed Boyle chased him.

But even as he walked back toward the center of town a strange thing was happening to Edgar. His shoulders were straightening and his eyes were assuming a belligerent glare.

Perhaps it was inevitable, therefore, that he ran into Mike Dolan. Mike was mowing the lawn, and he paused long enough to remark, "Hi, fancy-pants."

A moment later Mike was seated on the ground holding his jaw and staring with horror and disbelief as Edgar swaggered around the corner.

"It ain't possible!" he gasped. "I'll murder that little—"

He felt his jaw again and changed his mind.

Meanwhile Edgar was reveling in the glorious and totally unexpected thrill of having met an enemy and made him his. The thing had happened so suddenly that Edgar himself was

After You Hangnoose

much more amazed than Mike Dolan. Of course, at the moment it had seemed logical to slap the insolent Mr. Dolan around. It was what Boneyard would have done. And it was only after Mike was on the ground that Edgar had realized with horror what he had done. He had waited fearfully, expecting Mike to get up and spread him all over the lawn. But Mike hadn't gotten up. And the astounding fact had finally become clear to him that Mike wasn't planning to get up. Mike had had enough.

A moment later an automobile pulled up at the curb beside him and Jed Boyle stepped out. Jed was scowling unpleasantly; but, for the first time in his life, Edgar was not frightened by Jed's scowl.

"I just passed Mike's house," Jed said. "He tells me you tried to get fresh with him. That you tripped him and made him hit his head on the lawn mower. He told me to fix things up with you until he could find you himself."

Edgar didn't flinch. "Your ears are too big," he said.

Jed lowered his head and charged. A moment later he too was stretched out on the sidewalk.

"I still say your ears are too big," Edgar repeated.

The insult was not resented. Edgar pondered his red-blooded heritage with a warm glow of affection. Boneyard would have been proud of him. Rotgut would have been proud of him.

His pace quickened as he approached Chalmers' Drug Store. There were several people standing around, but two in particular caught Edgar's eye. One of them was Buck Jordan. The other was Mary Ann herself. Edgar saw her catch his eye and make some remark to Buck Jordan. He saw Buck grin, and he grew even madder. Mary Ann couldn't treat him that way. Not any longer!

Buck smiled at Edgar lazily and said, "Hi, sweet stuff. Heading for the beauty parlor?"

The other men laughed and Mary Ann snickered.

"No," Edgar said quietly. "I wasn't heading for the beauty parlor. I was looking for you."

"Really? That's ducky of you, Edgar. What would you be wanting of me?"

"I wanted to tell you," Edgar said, "that you are a jerk."

"The heat's got him," Buck said.

"The heat has not got me. I insist on making it quite plain you're a jerk."

Mary Ann finally recovered from her surprise. But when she spoke there was no taunting in her voice. Instead, she seemed genuinely alarmed. She said, "Now, wait a minute, Edgar. Don't try to show off."

"I'm not showing off," Edgar said earnestly. "I'm simply making a point. Buck Jordan—"

"Never mind the rest." Buck came to life and seized Edgar by the collar. "So I'm a jerk," he leered. "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"This," said Edgar.

His right fist started somewhere down by his feet and terminated at full speed on the outthrust jaw of Mr. Jordan. Buck roared. But Edgar was not through. Once more the fist went down, once more it came up, and again Buck howled.

"Obnoxious jerk—" Edgar began. But that was as far as he got. Buck swung into action, pounding Edgar relentlessly. But Edgar's answer to this was amazing. He dropped his arms. He absorbed the pounding without a murmur and without any show of defense. He simply stood there and took it. And finally Buck stopped pounding and stepped back in bewilderment.

Instantly Edgar returned to life. This time both fists came up and exploded against Buck's chin. Buck reeled, and Edgar pressed forward, looking like a determined and desperate Donald Duck. The astounded Mr. Jordan took a little more of it and then retreated. Hastily.

"I presume I have proved my point," Edgar mumbled.

His own head was spinning. He knew vaguely that people were slapping him on the back and calling him "champ." He was dimly conscious of the fact that some one had seized his arm and led him away in the direction of his home.

The mist cleared and he realized that it was Mary Ann.

"It's a disgrace," Mary Ann was saying. "Picking fights with everybody you meet! You ought to be ashamed of yourself." And yet Edgar could tell that she wasn't really angry at all.

"But you don't understand," he said. "I can't help that sort of thing. All of us Setons are born fighters."

"Even so, Edgar, you've just got to learn to control yourself. After all, I can't say I'm engaged to anybody who goes around bullying people."

"Engaged!" he repeated blissfully. "If Hangnoose could only see me now!"

When Mary Ann reluctantly left him at his home, he weaved inside and stood by the doorway rocking.

"Edgar!" his Aunt Martha said. "Come here."

He approached her unsteadily.

"I've heard about it," she said. "Three fights in one morning. It's disgraceful. Simply disgraceful!"

She went on from there, growing more indignant by the minute. When she finally paused for breath, Edgar spread his hands and shrugged. "I'm sorry, auntie," he said, "but you know yourself that all of us Setons bust loose now and then. It's in our blood."

"It's *what?*"

"It's in our blood. Pop Dalton was telling me this morning what a tough family we Setons are. He was telling me about my grandfather, and Uncle Hangnoose, and all the rest."

Aunt Martha rose to her feet. "Now I know you're crazy," she sniffed.

"But why, auntie? Weren't the Setons as tough as Pop said?"

"Of course they were. They were tougher. But the thing you don't seem to realize is that Grandfather Seton was not your father's father. He was his stepfather. Your father took his name."

"Stepfather! Then that means—"

"Exactly. You haven't got a drop of Seton blood in you."

Edgar was aghast. But at last he forced a smile.

"I don't suppose it matters," he said, "the way things stand now. But I'm sure glad I didn't know that an hour ago."

THE END

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN PRESENTS

The American Theater

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Under this heading each month during the theatrical season Mr. Nathan, Liberty's critic of things dramatic, will present an outline of what in his estimation is the outstanding play of the period, whether already recently produced, about to be produced, or still in the production offing.]

PURPLE DUST
"A Wayward Comedy"
by SEAN O'CASEY

Principal Characters in the Play:
CYRIL POGES, 62.
BASIL STOKE, 30.
SOUHAUN, 33, Cyril's mistress.
AVRIL, 21, Basil's mistress.
O'KILLIGAIN, 26, a young foreman stonemason.
CANON.
Several workmen.

Scene of action: A room in a tumbledown old Tudor mansion in Clune na Geera, Ireland.

Time: The present.

☆ POGES and Stoke, eccentric Englishmen of a romantic turn of mind, have taken over the dilapidated mansion in the hope of recreating for themselves a sense of the glory of other and bygone days. With them are their mistresses, both Irish. The Irish workmen hired to restore the old ruin are indignant. "Irish, too, an' not a bit ashamed o' themselves," says one. And another: "An' we knowin' th' two o' them well as kids with patched petticoats and broken shoes, runnin' round th' lanes o' Clune na Geera." Returns the first: "God be good to 'em anyway, for bringin' a bit o' th' doddherers' money to where it's needed."

It soon becomes apparent that all is not too well in the relationships of the two women and their overlords. The latter, questing the romance of the yesterdays, not only idiotically impose upon them the duty of embellishing themselves with outlandish country costumes but unremittingly bombard their ears with the wonder of it all. And then, too, there is O'Killigain, "a handsome, hefty young sthripling, with a big seam in his arm that he got from a bullet fired in Spain."

For the fantastic Englishmen, the younger of the twain even more fatuous than the elder, O'Killigain has only an airy contempt. Why have they taken over the old mansion? "Because they think it has what they call a history. Everything old is sacred in every country. Give a house a history, weave a legend round it, let some titled tomfool live or die in it—an' some fool mind will see loveliness in rottenness and ruin."

"Isn't it sthrange," chips in one of the workmen, "how many'll fall for a mere name? Remember oul' Miss MacWilliam who used to faint with ecstasy the times she told the story of sittin' for a second in the King o' Denmark's chair; an' oul' Tom Mulligan who answered round for years [illegible] the son of the Earl of Slibberseen had accidentally spit in his eye!"

Avril, at first annoyed by O'Killigain, soon comes under the spell of his disdain for all that Stoke stands for, her vague hesitation dispelled by his "Oh, foolish girl, there never can be evil things where love is living. Between the evil things an' us we'll make the sign of the rosy cross, an' it's blossomin' again the dead an' dry thing will be, an' fruit will follow."

The meanwhile, old Poges and young but old Stoke resolutely pursue the life of country gentlemen of another century and gabble on about its rare grandeur. But its theoretical rare grandeur, minus all the comforts of modernity, becomes less and less to their inamoratas' taste. Yet where, Avril speculates, amid all this pretense, "is the real world to be found, then?" "Where I have found it often, an' seek to find it still," replies O'Killigain. "With the bitterness an' joy blendin' in a pretty woman's hand; with th' pity in her breast; in th' battlin' beauty of her claspin' arms; an' rest beside her when th' heart is tired."

Poges and Stoke let nothing dismay them. They will capture for themselves the splendor of the past at whatever cost. "I," says O'Killigain to them, "let the dead bury the dead." Souhaun tries to dissuade Poges from further argument. "But," he challenges O'Killigain, "you've never read good old Wordsworth, I suppose?" "As a matter of fact," quietly returns O'Killigain, "I have. A tired-out oul' blatherer; a tumble-down thinker; a man who made a hidin'-place of his own life; a shadow paradin' about as th' sun; a poet sensitive to everything but man; a bladder blown that sometimes gave a note of music; a snail to whom God gave th' gleam of th' glowworm; a poet singing th' song of safety first!"

Things grow worse and worse for the purple-questing old boys. The villagers try to swindle them; the workmen bungle; the nights are damp and cold; the beds can't be slept in; the women more and more show their impatience; the old house creaks and groans and rattles. And Souhaun gives indication that her heart is following Avril's in the direction of O'Killigain and all the life of the present that he represents.

But although Poges and Stoke are beginning to suspect that something may be wrong with their scheme of trying to live again the tradition of the past, they still make a bold show of keeping a stiff upper lip. Let the plaster off the decayed manor ceiling hit them on the heads, let cows wander dismayingly into the great hall, let the noise and racket of the countryside within and without drive them nigh to distraction, yet their determination persists. And they themselves, they declare, will show these incompetent workmen of today how to do things! Follows in approximate Olsen and Johnson terms their discomfiture in putting their declaration into practice, the final result being an even further wreck of the already sufficiently wrecked mansion, that to them proud symbol of the thrill and glory of other years. Stoke gives some indication of backsliding. Poges shakes his head. "I'm convinced now," he observes sadly, "that poor Basil can't be wholly English. There's a weak joint somewhere."

Matters are not helped in the least by the two women. Nor by O'Killigain and all but one of the other workmen. Yet Poges continues enthusiastically to rub his hands. "Purple nights and golden days. Aah!" he sighs. "Handsome days! When shall we look upon their like again? The lawns and ramparts still are here, and we shall be the men! The present day and present men? Paltry, mean, tight, and tedious!"

"It's meself is sayin' ourselves came late," interjects the lone workman, "but soon enough to see th' finery fade to purple dust, an' th' glow o' th' quality turn to murmurin' ashes." He pauses a moment and continues: "Barrin' O'Killigain there an' a few, what is it all now but a bitther noise of cadgin' mercy from heaven, an' a sour handlin' o' life for a cushion'd seat in a corner? . . . Them that fight now fight in a daze o' thradin'—for buyin' an' sellin', for th' image o' God on a golden coin, while th' men o' peace are little men now, writin' dead words with their tiny pens, seekin' a tidy an' tendher way to the end. Respectable lodgers with life they are, behind solid doors with knockers on them, an' curtained glass to keep the stars from starin'."

Gradually from without is heard the sound of falling rain and swishing wind.

Like Stoke, Poges begins perceptibly to weaken before the forces of the present. And the physical annoyances connected with living in the old mansion increase. The village canon tries to reinspirit the old fellow. "With all its frills, its frivolities, its studied ceremonial, however gaily colored its leisure may have been, the past had in it the core of virtue; while the present swirl of young life, I'm saying, with its feverish strut of pretended bravery, its tawdry carelessness about the relation and rule of religion to man, with all its frantic stretching of pleasure into every second of life, contains within it a core of fear that is turning darker with every chime of the passing hours."

The rain and wind grow apace. Poges leans eagerly toward the canon as if for further support. "We must lengthen our arm back to the past and pluck back some of the good things that haven't gone away as far from us as the dead who knew them." But his words no longer have in them their former vibration. He confides in the canon his fear of O'Killigain's influence over Avril and Souhaun. "Guard your womenfolk from him," warns the canon, "for no woman is safe with that man. He publicly defends the wearing of low-necked blouses by brazen hussies; he stands by the practice of courting couples walking the highways and byways by night. Why, one moonlight night, meeting my curate driving home a lasciviously-minded girl, O'Killigain tore the stick from the curate's hand and smashed it into pieces!"

But it is too late. The women are now in open rebellion. They can no longer stand, they proclaim, the misery of trying to live the past in a house not even fit for a living of the present; they can no longer endure their protectors' sighs for the yesterdays; they are no longer to be satisfied by the cold caresses of the half-dead. And they want a hot bath.

The storm outside increases. The workmen, in their still vain effort to fix up the old mansion, are making an ever greater shambles of it. And Poges and Stoke, seeking further to assist them, only make the shambles yet greater. And news comes that the waters of the river are fast rising. And—enters O'Killigain.

Poges turns upon him to protest the impudence of his workmen. "You really oughtn't to allow, much more encourage, this silly, ignorant, and superstitious conceit among your men; it is something close to scandalous!"

And O'Killigain quotes: " 'They go their own gait, lookin' carelessly in th' faces of presidents and governors, as to say, *Who are you?*' "

And then, while one of his men to Souhaun: "Come, then, an' abide with th' men o' th' wide wathers, who can go off in a tiny curragh o' thought to the New Island with th' outgoin' tide, an' come back be th' same tide sweepin' in again!"—and then O'Killigain to Avril: "An' you, young girl, come out and join th' living, an' don't stay banished any longer. Away from where rich ignorance is a blessing, an' foolishness a gift from God."

The storm howls; the lightning flashes; the waters of the still rising river approach the house.

Poges sneers at O'Killigain. "And gentleman O'Killigain will be happier with a harlot's fortune!" O'Killigain smiles good-humoredly: "Of course he will. The good things of this life are good for all, an' a pretty girl looks handsomer in arms that are fit an' fond to hold her. You have had your day, like every dog. Your Tudors have had their day, an' they are gone —an' the little heap o' purple dust they left behind them will vanish away in th' flow of the river."

Stoke seizes Poges frantically by the arm. "Look," he cries, "the waters are tumbling toward us! Run, man!"

Whereto, wistfully going out, Poges: "My poor little quattrocento, the waters are about to cover thee. My comfort's gone, and my house of pride is straining towards a fall. Would to God I were in England, now that winter's here!"

THE END

New! . . Liberty gives you The Best Play of the Month

THE LAST WORD: *Liberty Girl Correspondent Has a Real Adventure*

© BACHRACH
FULTON OURSLER

AS MOST READERS KNOW, Erika Mann, daughter of Thomas Mann, exiled German novelist, is in London on a war-correspondence assignment for Liberty. A few weeks ago Erika had one of the most exciting adventures that any correspondent, man or woman, could wish for. She went out into the English Channel on a rescue boat. The story of rescue boats, lifesavers of airmen shot down over the Channel, is a new tale to us and we hope it will be a new and exciting story for you. Above the clouds German and British pilots engage in deadly combat. The British plane is wrecked. The aviator bails out and falls into the Channel. What hope is there of rescue for him? Well, you may be surprised at the extraordinary resources which are his in such a desperate plight. Erika Mann saw it all happen with her own eyes, and many readers will feel that they have had the same experience when they read her story next week, of that you may be sure.

ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU WANT TO LAUGH, then let me recommend Frederick Van Ryn's tale of the only man in Hollywood who ever got his job by performing a strip tease. It is a true story and its hero is Gregory Ratoff. Jack Dempsey is back with an article called Little Things that Make Big Fights that we hope will interest any man—or woman—who is interested in what our grandfathers called "the manly art of self-defense." Joseph Hergesheimer returns to the field of short-story writing with a tale called The Rose of Lima, an historical story laid in Havana about a woman of the streets and a patriot—a tale to stir the pulse. Samuel W. Taylor also offers a good short story called Girls Get Everything Backward. Fred Allhoff writes on home defense, and George E. Sokolsky has a piece of national criticism called Yoo-hoo! Have We Got a Sissy Army? There will be installments of Breath of Life, by Faith Baldwin; Tomorrow We March, by Oscar Schisgall; and the stirring conclusion of Escape from Hell, by Barbara Podawicz, together with all the regular features.

SALMAGUNDI:

Red Tobin is missing. Readers of Liberty will remember the adventures told by Eugene Quimby Tobin, flyer in the American Eagle Squadron, in these pages only a few months ago. He was operating in his plane over France and, with two fellow aviators, failed to return. Although he would never admit it, Tobin was generally recognized to have been the first American to shoot down a German plane over England. Some time ago Tobin went to Europe with three other American flyers. Their idea was to form another Lafayette Escadrille. But France was collapsing when they arrived. They got to England and after various difficulties were able to join the R. A. F. Whatever happened, imprisonment or death, Tobin met his fate like an American. . . . Walter Karig's daughter, Patty, has just won, by a unanimous decision of the judges, a competitive contract from the Maritime Commission to do the murals for the children's room of an ocean liner. Patty is only twenty, but she is married and a mother. Incidentally, Walter was host to the Duke of Kent at the Washington Press Club. . . . From Pierce Wyche, Fletcher, North Carolina, comes the following:

An Open Letter to Editor Fulton Oursler

Each week we see your likeness peek
  Atop the last-page column,
An honored friend, with gift to speak
  In lighter mood or solemn.
A friend? Quite true, yet who can tell
  Your name's pronunciation?
It's hardly fair merely to spell
  A word famed through the nation.
I've labored so, my tongue is sore
  The proper sound to find,
Till, Fulton, just a little more
  And I shall lose my mind.

Owrs-ler, Urs-ler, Ahs-ler, O!
  Eeny, meeny, miney, mo—
Uhs-ler, Oos-ler, Ohs-ler, Yuse-ler?
  Please, oh please, do tell us, Bo!

And Fred Collins writes us about an old man he met in Arizona who was a great tippler. Every Saturday night he drank and drank and drank until he could see double and feel single.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—OCTOBER 18, 1941** ★ ★ ★ ★

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

★ ★ ★ LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE ★ ★ ★

NATIONAL DEFENSE

AND THE

"PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE SHORTAGE

THE RAW MATERIALS used in making "Prestone" anti-freeze are first-line defense necessities. Thousands of tons of these raw materials which, under normal conditions, would go into "Prestone" anti-freeze for the public's use, are now being diverted to manufacture vital defense equipment of many different kinds. In fact, some of the uses to which these materials are being put were born in the laboratory but a short time ago.

IN ADDITION, great demands are being made on the finished product, "Prestone" anti-freeze. Liquid-cooled tanks and reconnaissance cars . . . fighter planes and gun tractors . . . trucks and staff cars . . . must be protected. The cooling systems of our speedy patrol torpedo boats must be safe from freeze-up and *lay-up.*

THE ARMY and the Navy . . . for years large users of "Prestone" anti-freeze . . . now need unprecedented quantities of this dependable winter protection. *Their orders must be filled.*

ALTHOUGH MILLIONS of gallons of "Prestone" anti-freeze will be available to American motorists . . . although production facilities have been increased to the utmost . . . your dealer may not be able to supply you in this emergency.

TO THE MILLIONS of motorists who every year rely on "Prestone" anti-freeze, we say:—*See your dealer early.* Late comers who wait for cold snaps may be disappointed.

THEY weren't even engaged then—when he wore the O. D. of Uncle Sam's '17 army with his sergeant's stripes on one sleeve and his heart upon the other.

And as for Junior, now a stalwart in O. D. 1941 model—just a chapter in a story that hadn't even been written.

The years "about face" and "to the rear, march" as he watches her wrap with such care these cigarettes for their son in camp. He recalls the times when he received the same gift from the same hands. The same—even to the name upon the carton.

Camel. Yes, they were first with men in the army then—and they are today. Not only in the Army but in the Navy, the Marines, the Coast Guard . . . with the millions of others who stand behind them . . . for Camel is America's favorite.

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The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

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than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

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CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

● BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

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